1489.k.36

THE REVOLUTIONS OF MODESTY.

To which is added,

THE REIGN OF PLEASURE.

Et quibus ipſa Modis tractetur blanda Voluptas.

LUCRET.

It ſhews the Art of height'ning our Delights.

The SECOND EDITION.

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TO THE

Female Court-Martial,

Held near St. JAMES's.

JUDICIAL LADIES,

AS eminent for Speculation, as conſummate in the Practice of CYTHEREA's Court, the Honour of your Patronage for this little Work is moſt earneſtly ſolicited. Who can be ſo minute and competent Arbiters as your Ladyſhips, of the various Pictures it contains?

Bid rude Auſterity be dumb, tame Frigidity avaunt; pronounce guilty of Cowardice and Diſaffection to Love all baſe

base Diſſenters from the Doctrine here revealed, which ſhall be gratefully acknowledged by,

LADIES,

Your moſt devoted

and zealous Servant,

The COMPILER.

THE

Introduction.

THE genuine Patroneſs of the fair Sex is MODESTY. Under her Banner they receive their firſt Diſcipline, and according as more or leſs influenced by its Dictates, either riſe, or ſink in Eſtimation.

Therefore tender Mothers, and pious Governantes, make the Word MODESTY the Alarm-Drum to young female Hearts.

In what Dilemmas have I ſeen many of the nicely educated, at, "Miſs what you have "ſaid, or done, is againſt MODESTY."—And the coarſer Bred, when chid, or looked frowningly on, reply with a ſcared Awkardneſs, like MISS PRUE in the Play, *it is not Bawdy, I hope; is it?*

The *Prudes* deſcanting on our Title, will no doubt advance; MODESTY muſt be, one, and the ſame, always, and cannot be liable to *Revolutions*; therefore ſomething in the *double Entendre* Way muſt be conveyed in this Work; which is farther inſinuated by its Sequel *the Reign of Pleaſure:* It being cuſtomary for thoſe who have renounced the former, to unreſervedly proſtitute themſelves to the latter. If we could

could be assured it contains nothing impertinent, we should like to have a Peep at it; but would not for the World expose ourselves to an indelicate Surprize.

They will read it for all that; and why not? For it is a Book that the most prudent Men, the sobereſt of Citizens may liſten to without bluſhing; they may chuckle a little; and tip a ſly Wink to their Neighbour—no more:

Young Maids will make no Objection to the Peruſal of it when alone; or with a Boſom-Friend, a ſecond ſelf: With whom, one may ſpeak freely, on certain Subjects.

The ſedate married Ladies will aſſemble over it in a Court of judicial Enquiry; as a Review of what they have ſeverally paſſed through: To whom indeed, as the moſt competent Judges of the Tranſactions of the whole, this Performance might have been particularly dedicated.

The

THE REVOLUTIONS OF MODESTY.

CHAP. I.

The extraordinary Conception and Birth of MODESTY.

HEBE, the Goddeſs of Youth, and Daughter of JUNO, was priviledged above all other Divinities to enjoy an unfading Delicacy, beauteous Tincture of Skin, and Features ever blooming. Artleſs, and almoſt infant Charms appeared in all ſhe

ſaid, or did. The genuine Pleaſingneſs of younger Years, ever-ſmiling Joy, and innocent Paſtimes accompanied every where the youthful Deity.

JUPITER, as a diſtinguiſhed Mark of his Affection, honoured her with the Office of waiting on him at Table. But it ſo happened, one Day, that, as ſhe was preſenting Nectar to him, her Foot ſlipt, and the divine Aſſembly was alarmed at her Fall. Betwixt the Diſorder of the Fall, and hurried Effort of riſing, a Part of her ſnowy Thighs unveiled excited inſtant and ſympathetic Deſires in every God. They with Complacency levelled their Eyes on the attractive Object. It would be wronging them to judge otherwiſe from the known Hiſtory of their Temperaments, faithfully tranſmitted to us, by the Poets, and other Accounts of equal Authority.

There is no relating HEBE's Confuſion on the Occaſion. Nay, it ſo pow-

erfully

erfully operated on her Imagination, that ſhe became mentally impregnated, without the Co-operation of any, even a celeſtial Paramour!

However Mortals may wonder, the Gods were not at all aſtoniſhed at this extraordinary Phænomenon. Such Adventures happened frequently among the chaſte Inhabitants of *Olympus*.

The firſt Miracle of this kind was JUPITER's being big with MINERVA, of whom he was delivered by a Chaſm in his Head, through the Midwifry of his Imagination.

Nor was our beautiful Goddeſs HEBE's Birth a Whit leſs extraordinary. The reverend, full breaſted, Ox-eyed JUNO (ſo *Homer* calls her) often declared, that HEBE was inſinuated into her by the Conveyance of a Lettuce, ſhe had eaten.

Good Father JUPITER, Sire of Gods and Men, (not forgetting the Goddeſſes and female Mortals) believed, or ſeemed to believe his celeſtial Spouſe, dreading the violence of her Temper, if once ſuſpected on the Article of Chaſtity; though ſhe had been notoriouſly guilty of every other matrimonial Vice. In ſhort, JUPITER loved Peace and Quiet, and behaved in this critical Dilemma as every well bred Man of Family and Title ought; heard, ſaw and ſaid nothing. *

In

* The Spirit and Moral of this Paſſage has been prettily hit off, in a modern Song.

To make the *Wife* kind, and to keep the Houſe ſtill,
You muſt be of her Mind, let her ſay what ſhe will;
In all that ſhe does, you muſt give her her Way:
For tell her ſhe's wrong, and you'll lead her aſtray.
Then *Huſbands* take Care, of Suſpicion beware,
Your *Wives* may be true, if you fancy they are,
With Confidence truſt them, and be not ſuch Elves,
To make by your Jealouſy Horns for yourſelves,
&c.

In Conſequence of her ſingular Conception, HEBE in a ſhort Time was delivered of the moſt amiable female Baby ever beheld by Eyes mortal or divine. ——She has been ſince known by the Name of MODESTY.

CHAP. II.

The Gods visit MODESTY, *and make her Presents.*

SHE dawned beauteous into Life, the orient Bluſhes of her lovely Complexion cheared each Eye, and won every Heart. The graceful Decorum of her Looks ſoon ſecured her Empire in all gentle Breaſts; for none but ſavage ones can refuſe her pleaſing ſway.

The chief among the Gods viſited, and honoured with Preſents this new born and wonderful Exiſtence.

JUPITER's Compliment was a Bouquet of Diamonds, a Prize lately won at the *Olympic* Games, and dedicated to him by the Victor, a Native of *Greece*.

APOL-

APOLLO preſented her a Set of his favourite Pipes to ſweeten her Hours of Retirement; and at the ſame Time celebrated her Birth in moſt harmonious Verſes, worthy of the God.

Grim-ſmiling VULCAN brought her all little neceſſary female Implements, executed with the utmoſt Delicacy of Workmanſhip the *Cyclops* were capable of.*

MERCURY lit ſoon after, and humbly offered her a Band-Box fill'd with Babies' Trinkets, which he had newly ſtolen from many a Nurſe, that now in vain bewail their Loſſes, and promiſe Rewards in their reſpective

* The Origin of *Tweers*.—— So much *prejudiced* am I in Behalf of *modern* againſt *antient* Merit, that in this, and other material Inſtances, I dare aſſert, that the *Birminghamites* of *England* by far ſurpaſe the boaſted Artiſts of *Ætna*.

Neighbourhoods for the Recovery of them.

But what was not a little ſurprizing, even aged SATURN came to the Viſitation with unwrinkled Brows, and determined to throw in his Mite: MODESTY has Charms for every Age. The old and faithful Companion his Scythe ſupports his feeble Steps. The other Gods were not more amazed at his unexpected Preſence, than at his antiquated Gift. Gueſs, Reader, what it was. Out-of-faſhion Ear-rings, which he ſet a great Value on, becauſe they had been whilom worn by his good Spouſe RHEA, at the very Infancy of the World, the ſtale Epoch of their amorous Dalliance. Such is the Obſtinacy of old Age, whether in Heaven, or in Earth, that it always deſpiſes and cries down the Objects of preſent Admiration; but extols extravagantly whatever it valued, had

a Taſte

a Taſte for, or patronized in its Youth.*

* Hence *Horace* (it is obvious) ſtole his Character of old Age; there being in *poetic Poſſibility* no Inſtance prior to SATURN.

——— Laudator Temporis acti
Se Puero, Caſtigatorque minorum.

HOR.

The Panegyriſt of Time paſt, of what he had ſeen, when a Lad; but Satyriſt of the preſent Times and Manners, *&c.*

CHAP. III.

The Goddeſſes viſit MODESTY.

THE Goddeſſes reſolved not to be behind Hand on ſo ſolemn an Occaſion, and to do all Honours to their new born Siſter.

They dreſſed and adorned themſelves, as elegantly as when their Feſtivals are celebrated on Earth. When Frankincenſe is burnt on their Altars, and the aſpiring Curls of devout Perfumes gladden their condeſcending heavenly Smell, or *eager Noſtrils*, to uſe the ſublime Expreſſion of the *Greeks*.

Each Goddeſs attended, one after the other, according to her Rank of Precedency, and were emblazoned by the Characteriſtics of their Deityſhips.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

MODESTY's *indifferent Behaviour to* JUNO.

JUNO, as *Siſter* and *Wife* * of JOVE, took the Lead environed by all the Regalia that could manifeſt the imperial Splendor of her State, elevated as ſhe was above all other ſhe Celeſtials.

The Herald of her Approach was ſlow-pac'd Reſpect with Hands joined on her Breaſt, Countenance awe-ſtruck, and Head declined.

After her marched clamorous Pomp and profuſe Magnificence, almoſt whelm-

* There is no *Inceſt* in Heaven; that is a Crime ſpecificated to paltry Mortals, and juſtly ſo; for in what elſe could conſiſt the Diſparity between Men and Gods, but in ſuch priviledged Diſpenſations.

ed under their ſuperb Habiliments, and ſcattering with open Hands Gold and precious Stones as they went along.

Next to them paraded on haughty *Greatneſs* that luxuriates in the Rays of her own Splendor: Arrogant PRIDE with elevated, over-bearing Brow, whoſe chief Pleaſure is to riſe by the Depreſſion of others.

The Goddeſs ſolemnly advanced in a Blaze of Charms that ſpoke her the Queen of Heaven, and Wife of JOVE. All Eyes were fixed on her. She had never appeared ſo charming before.

JUPITER (Huſbands are ſeldom partial) felt unuſual Emotions, forgot ſhe was his Wife, and complimented her on her Allurements in a neighbouring Grove of Myrtle *.

JU-

* This Incident gives Riſe to an Obſervation on what we but too frequently ſee in Society.——How many

JUNO, animated into new Beauties from her Interview with JOVE, had thence a Brilliancy ſuperadded to the Majeſty of her Perſon.

She drew near the Cradle of MODESTY with a conſcious Superiority. The infant Goddeſs heeded her not. Her whole Attention was bent on Reſpect, on whom ſhe ſmiled, and nodded Approbation to.

JUNO offered to take her by the Hand. MODESTY ſtarted at the Attempt, raiſed her Eyes at her, looked ſtedfaſtly and amazedly on the Glare of Pomp that was diſplayed; then bluſhed, trembled, and ſhrunk from JUNO, to envelop herſelf in her ſwathing Cloaths.

How

many Huſbands declare a Diſreliſh againſt their Ladies, as Wives; whom as Miſtreſſes they own they could adore. This Weakneſs (we may plauſibly conjecture) is originated to us from our general Father, Thunder-darting JOVE.

How could MODESTY, consistent with her Character, have behaved otherwise?

Whether Self-love be founded on Greatness of Birth, merited Titles, large Possessions, or superior Talents, an Ostentation of them must always throw MODESTY into Confusion; that, Content with Virtue, and centering Happiness in herself, shuns and despises all pompous Illusions, the sickly Fancies of Men have invented, to varnish over the real Miseries of their mortal State.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

MODESTY's *Slight of* VENUS; *the Alarms of* CUPID.

THE next Goddeſs that followed was VENUS. Her Head Attire was the Triumph of Art. She was as beautiful as the Energy of the Word Beauty can ſignify; but ſtill with Invention's Aid would fain be ſomething more, if poſſible. She had on the ſame Ornaments of Dreſs ſhe wore on the victorious Day the handſome Shepherd of Mount *Ida* decreed the Apple to her; nor had ſhe loſt a Ray of the conquering Charms ſhe kindled into, from the inſolent Tranſports of her acknowledged Superiority over JUNO and PALLAS.

Her Deportment was attractively languiſhing.

" As if ſecure of all Beholders Hearts,
" Neglecting ſhe could take them."

Behind waved her ſhining Hair in Ringlets natural, unarranged, but juſtling each other with rival Wantonneſs to kiſs the various Wonders of her ſnowy Neck and Shoulders, which formed a ſhifting checquered Scene, like a Dance of Sun-Beams upon Parian Marble. Her ſparkling Eyes, full fraught with young Deſires, darted abroad a pleaſing and irreſiſtible Blaze, whoſe electric Power no Heart, however ſavage or untamed, can eſcape.

The delighted Zephyrs hovered over her alabaſter Boſom, which they cheared with cool and balmy Sighings. In Return, her grateful Boſom roſe to meet, and thank their Kindneſs. The tender Fluctuation was enrapturing to Sight!

Say, ye Immortals, how enchanting ſhe appeared! It would be vain, it would

would be preſumptuous in a weak Mortal to pretend to paint what Gods were dazzled to behold!

Before her walked two by two enwreathed with Flowers, and feſtooned to each other the dimpled Smiles, and joyful Sports; then a Band of little Genii; ſome of whom with flying Fingers concerted to ſoft Flutes; while others ſang their Goddeſs's Praiſe: To the melodious Numbers their ſilver Wings beat Time.

The three Graces proceeded after Hand in Hand. Voluptuous Eaſe and downy Indolence ſtrewed flowery Perfumes and odoriferous Liquids all around, that every Senſe might be regaled.

But Wonder was wedded to VENUS, leading CUPID by the Hand †.

The

† In Imitation of VENUS her modern Prieſteſſes are obſerved to delight in leading a Child by the the Hand, in all public Places.

The wicked Urchin looked all around with a malicious Smile, or rather Leer; before him flew a Groupe of laſcivious Pleaſures, they were in a continued Flutter, ſtill eſcaping from the Beholder's Eye, however intent to fix on them; then re-appeared, when leaſt expected; and when the fondly deluded Thought they were ſure of, and had them as it were in their Hold, they flitted off on glittering Wings, and diving into a black Cloud, betrayed them into ſudden and diſagreeable Darkneſs. Lightning does not ſtrike and eſcape more rapidly from the Eyes of affrighted Travellers, than they did from the eager Sight of Fools they deceived.

Sweetneſs was alſo one of CUPID's ſeducive Vanguard; and where ſhe walked, left after her a Train of Honey, to allure to Ruin the unwary Flies of Humanity ‡.

Flat-

‡ How pretty is Mr. *Gay*'s Imitation.

"The Fly that ſips Treacle is loſt in the Sweets."

Flattery, Complacency and Tip-toe Attention varied into a Thouſand obliging Appearances, carried in their Hands the favourable Arrows of the little God.

Theſe were the gay Fore-runners of CUPID; but alas what a melancholy Train followed him.

Reſtleſs Diſquietude, moping Melancholy, tempeſtuous Deſires, timid Hopes, Self-tormenting Rancour, Heart-gnawing Suſpicion; then green-eyed Jealouſy, whoſe dire Employment is to whet on a Stone reeking with the warm Blood of Mortals, a ſuicide Poniard deſtined to pierce her own Boſom †.

What

† It is clear that *Horace* had this Image in his Eye.

——————*ferus et* CUPIDO
Semper ardentia acuens ſagittas
Cote cruentâ. HOR.

Which ſignifies literally, cruel CUPID ſharpens his burning Arrows on a Hone moiſtened with Gore.

What three Horrors next appear! Implacable Hatred never ſatiated with Miſchief; ruthleſs Vengeance ever thirſty of Blood; execrable Treachery that ſmiles to your Face, while it meditates the Dagger in your Heart.

After theſe were ſeen a wretched Pair, the very Twins of Miſery.

Dejected Grief all over Wounds, wailing inceſſantly, but in vain, her fatal Miſtakes.

Pale Repentance, her former Beauties quite effaced, Locks diſhevelled, that had been the Ringlets of Love, Tears ſtreaming from her late celebrated Eyes, now ſtrikes her beauteous Boſom with a perſecuting Hand *.

Spec-

* *Virgil* has copied this in his Picture of *Dido*.

"*Pectus percuſſa decorum*
"*Flaventeſque abſciſſa Comas.*" VIRG.

She ſtruck her beauteous Boſom, and tore her flaxen Locks.

Spectators at a Diſtance could not imagine ſuch tragic Figures to be in any Sort Retainers to the gay Triumph that preceded, but Wretches accidentally met, and inſtigated by their Curioſity to follow the ſplendid Pageantry.

Thus eſcorted was the Queen of Beauty, and her deſtructive Son. She with an affected Eaſe ſwayed her Love-exciting Form towards the Cradle of MODESTY; was alarmed at the Sight: Her Countenance firſt betrayed her Amazement at the Novelty, which her Tongue confirmed in declaring, that ſhe had never beheld any of that Sort of Beauty before.

MOMUS, who loved a Joke (no Matter at whoſe Expence) more than *Ambroſia* or *Nectar*, thus complimented VENUS. "Your bright-eyed Godeſs-ſhip is very ingenuous in this pub-

" public Declaration. For even *Envy* muſt
" allow, that altho' your pretty gene-
" ral Experience hath made you acquaint-
" ed with moſt Things; and more pro-
" foundly ſo in the Functions of Beau-
" ty: yet you had never before ſeen,
" nay never had conceived an Idea bear-
" ing the leaſt Affinity to this new-
" born Deity."

The Goddeſs heard this ſly Sarcaſm unmoved; for ſuch is the Privilege of Vice, that by growing callous to Reproach, it diſuſes itſelf from the Praiſeworthy Foible of Bluſhing. Therefore, with Harlot-Effrontery, and open Defiance, ſhe boldly ſprang forward to ſnatch an Embrace from MODESTY.

The infant Goddeſs (ſo great is the Power of Virtue) with a rebuking Eye looked VENUS into Diſmay, and turned from her with Averſion.

CUPID, on eſpying the ſuperior, and to him odious Charms of MODESTY, felt his immediate Defeat, and haſtened to ſkreen himſelf and his Sorrows behind Part of the Robe of VENUS. There conceal'd, he ſighed and wept immoderately. Her maternal Affections being ſtartled by Lamentings from her Son, which he uſed to cauſe in others, not to be ſubject to himſelf; aſked him what was the Cauſe.

Diſconcerted CUPID, as well as interrupting Sighs and Tears would permit, replied: "Mama, that Child in the "Cradle has ſcared me out of my Wits. "—— She looks angrily at, and as if "ſhe would quarrel with me——I hate "the Sight of her.—— Come, dear "Mama, let us begone, let us fly from "this odious Place—— Come, let us "repair to our own *Paphos*—— Every "Body there is glad to ſee me, every "Body loves, and all pay Homage to "me."

VE-

VENUS, with a Smile of Compaſſion, raiſed the anguiſhed God in her Arms, leaned his Head upon her bliſsful Boſom, there cordially revived him with odorous Breathings from her Balm-exhaling Lips. She infuſed new Spirits by aſſuring him, that ſhe would give him ſuch Inſtructions (which, if he would execute) as ſhould counteract all the puny Efforts of MODESTY to diſturb his Empire, which is to end but with the World.

CUPID, re-animated by this Promiſe, bounded from VENUS's Lap; they then drew back, and went to ally their Reſentment to JUNO's, who brooded on her Affront.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

MODESTY's *favourable Reception of* PALLAS.

PALLAS comes on with a noble and eaſy Deportment, free from Pride or Arrogance; ſhe bears the formidable *Ægis* in her Hand.

She is as fair as VENUS, and might be taken for the Goddeſs of Beauty, but that her Diſcretion is an excluſive *Criterion*. Effeminacy does not languiſh in her Countenance. Regardleſs of all auxiliary Artifices to embelliſh her Features, ſhe neglects exhibiting them in their natural State. It was obvious to every ſtander by, that, either ſhe was not conſcious of her Beauty, or if ſhe was, that ſhe thence arrogated Nothing to herſelf.

Greatneſs ſoftened by Beauty, Beauty ſtrengthened by Greatneſs were her Attributes. There reigned through all her Actions an inſinuating, and, at the ſame Time, commanding Charm, that attracted Hearts, and ſubdued Reaſon to own her Empire.

The Heralds of her Arrival were meek Diſcretion, healthful and robuſt Sobriety; Prudence, that with an hundred Eyes penetrates into dubious Futurity.

Pallas did not chuſe to have more Companions for the preſent Viſit. She might, if, like to the preceding Goddeſſes, ſhe affected Pomp, make a Parade of the Virtues in her Retinue; for indeed they all follow in the Train of Wiſdom. But ſhe omitted them for more important Occaſions, and was ſimply attended by three faithful Companions that never quit her. Wiſdom is ever diſcreet, ſober, and cautious.

Rays

Rays of innocent Joy brightened the Face of MODESTY at ſeeing PALLAS; her little Eyes ſhone with Affection. By continual Smiles, and many welcoming Efforts, ſhe manifeſted herſelf a ſpontaneous Votary of the Deity preſent.

MOMUS, not to loſe his Jeſt, thus accoſted PALLAS: "If I remember "well what I hope your Goddeſs-ſhip has "not forgot, I can't apprehend how you "have deſerved theſe partial Marks of "Favour from MODESTY: for Fame "has long ſince, not only whiſpered, "but trumpeted abroad, that you de-"ſerted her Standard for the poor bri-"bing Hopes of a *Golden Pippin*, when "on Mount *Ida*, to the Shepherd PA-"RIS, appointed Arbiter of Beauty, "you expoſed yourſelf naked for his In-"ſpection."

The Deities joined in a general Laugh at MOMUS's cutting Raillery, but VE-

NUS more outrageouſly than the Reſt; for it is the Characteriſtic of VICE to exult whenever DETRACTION aſperſes VIRTUE.

The Goddeſs of Fortitude abaſhed at ſo unexpected a Reproach, made no Reply. Inſtant Bluſhes diffuſed over her Face, whence ſhe appeared more beauteous; warned thereof by the Glow ſhe felt in her Cheeks, ſhe with the *Ægis* ſkreened them, that her Confuſion might not be perceived.

When provoking Gibes are over, and calm, diſpaſſionate Judgment re-aſſumes his impartial Tribunal, it will in moſt Circumſtances, as in this before us, appear, that MOMUS and his Worſhippers ſubſiſt on Falſities.

Let the Diſcuſſion of the Caſe in Point ſuffice for the preſent.

Is it to be imagined, that if what is here glanced at were true, that Mortals

ſo

ſo naturally curious to enquire after, ſo generally ſucceſsful to find out, and ſo indefatigably zealous to publiſh the Failings of others, would have ever worſhipped PALLAS under the glorious Titles they have honoured her with? It is then doubtleſs a palpable Fraud, a malicious Invention of the ſarcaſtic God, who delights to rail at, and blacken Virtue. It could never be, that the ſage, the prudent, the diſcreet, the decent, the ——, *&c.* PALLAS ſhould have ſo forgot her Conſequence, as in a *Tete a Tete* with a young Shepherd, a handſome young Fellow too, and of Royal Blood, to unlace her Reputation on the Top of a Hill, Nobody within Call to aſſiſt her.—*If*—? It is prepoſterous even to think, nay to dream ſuch an Abſurdity, the Fallacy of the vile *Innuendo* is manifeſt.

Moreover *Wiſdom* is not venal nor intereſted, is uncomeatable for any Price, becauſe within herſelf ſhe finds the only

Reward ſhe deſires. The Splendor of Riches cannot dazzle, nor the Charms of Beauty ſeduce her; the Object, the End of all her Actions being *Virtue*: wherefore ſhe never deviates, nor makes even a *faux Pas* from her Paths; but piouſly practices her ſeveral Duties, and preſerves her Heart as it were in an Ice-Houſe of Chaſtity.

A Truce to moral Reflexions ſince the Gods have interrupted their rude Laughter, on perceiving another Goddeſs haſting to pay her Viſit.

CHAP. VII.

MODESTY's *Joy at* DIANA's *Visit.*

LOOK, yonder comes posting along the chaste and swift-footed DIANA, preceded by her favourite Nymphs, that lightly trip over the Plains of *Olympus*, singing Hymns of Praise to their Protectress. The Deities thus greet her, "Hail, lovely Sister of the God "of Day."

Her airy Garb was tinged in the precious Blood of the purple-yielding Fish; her Hair flowed loosely down her Shoulders, and was unaffectedly tied behind; she carries an Ebony Bow in her Hand; her Quiver was filled with Arrows always sure of their Mark, from her unerring Aim.

Though deſcended from Gods, and not unacquainted with heavenly Pomp, yet to thoſe who ſee her now, ſhe ſeems as if this were her firſt Appearance in ſo auguſt an Aſſembly. So reſpectfully does ſhe decline her Eyes, and ſhun all Opportunities of drawing Homage to her Beauties, which would throw her into the utmoſt Confuſion. By her Reſervedneſs and Diffidence the hidden Sentiments of her Heart might be gueſſed at. She reddened and grieved inwardly on diſcovering herſelf to be the Object of a Crowd of admiring Eyes.

Shady Woods, favourite Retreats of her Baſhfulneſs, how does ſhe regret ye! Now ſhe wiſhes the diſtant Pleaſures ſhe has ſo often enjoyed; when winged with their Fears, ſhe purſued the flying Deer up ſteep Hills, down headlong Vales, and over extended Lawns; where if perchance in the liquid *Mirrour* of a River, Lake or Foun-

Fountain, her reflected Image returned her Beauties on her, ſhe ſped inſtantly away to the next Cave, there to conceal her conſcious Bluſhes.

MODESTY was in a continued Flutter of Joy at DIANA's coming up to her: She ſtrove by a thouſand infantine Careſſes to expreſs the Happineſs ſhe felt in her Preſence. In return DIANA embraced her tenderly, and could not reſtrain her Tranſports of Joy in contemplating the new born Goddeſs ſo conformable to her own uncorrupted Sentiments.

Spiteful MOMUS was irritated at the good Intelligence and mutual Civilities of the two Goddeſſes. Thus Detraction is ever provoked by the Harmony of others, and feeds its Naſtineſs on the Gall of Envy, and Poiſon of Ill nature.

To the Gods (who expected ſome Waggery from their heavenly Joke-ſtarter) MOMUS thus addreſſed himſelf.

" Please your Divinityships, I can't dis-
" cover what mighty Reasons DIANA
" has to rejoice for the Birth of MO-
" DESTY. It is notorious that she has
" not been over-nice, nay commonly
" careful, to hide her Beauties when
" going to bathe——Were ACTÆON
" alive now, and restored here among us
" in his primitive Form, he might be
" prevailed on to give us an Account
" of her Shape, and——."

The chaste Goddess stung to the Heart, turned instantly from the Cradle, and thus interrupted him, her Cheeks burning with Rage. " Learn Buffoon,
" odious as wicked, contemptible as
" without Power to hurt, that the Vir-
" tue of the Female Sex is never stain-
" ed, when without their Knowledge
" they are surprized in such, or like
" Circumstances as that I was in——If
" Chance or Violence, which but too
" often is the Case, give Advantages to
" your robust Sex, over the weaker, the

" Crime

" Crime is yours, not ours. When the
" Mind is innocent, the Body is guile-
" leſs. From the Actions of the Mind
" alone, ought we to be condemned or
" juſtified."

" If Things were ſo, and ſo perchance
" they are, (anſwered MOMUS with a
" Sneer, perceiving himſelf applauded
" by the half-ſmothered Titter of the
" Gods; who, like Men their imitative
" Sons on Earth, delight in egging on
" Raillery againſt female Virtue) we
" ſhould have ſcarce any but virtuous
" Women in the World. Whenever a
" Queſtion, as to the Matter of Fact,
" is put to them, the general Anſwer is
" —*No!*—If we were to credit what
" they ſay, Things indeed have always
" happened together contrary to their
" *Intention!*

" But to do your Goddeſſſhip's Chaſ-
" tity Juſtice, we cannot but applaud
" the Manner in which you puniſhed

" the *Peeper's* Temerity, who in future " Ages is to be puniſhed anew in the " Perſon of *peeping* TOM of COVEN-" TRY. You gave him an umbrageous " Pair of typical Horns; which have " indeed been ever ſince, and will here-" after always be the Symptoms of the " retaliating Vengeance of your Sex, " for any Diſlike againſt ours. To be " ſure, as muſt be owned, if the impu-" dent, intruding Fellow had continued " in his former State, he might have " blabbed about the naked Things he " had ſeen, and buſily prattled of *En-" dymion's* Picture, that was in the favou-" rite Grot adjoining to the Bath. I " ſhall ſay little more on ſo invidious a " Subject, and conclude by obſerving, " that meddling Scandal may, found-" ed on the old Maxim, *What has once " happened, may happen again* *, inſinu-ate,

* Let MOMUS's Expreſſion in the polite Aſſem-bly of Celeſtials, ſilence all Cavillers at this Line in the laſt Birth Day Ode.

" *What*

" ate, that other inquiſitive prying Mor-
" tals (note, DIANA, it is *Scandal*
" ſpeaks, not MOMUS) beſides the De-
" ſcendant of CADMUS, by your timely
" and diſcreet Circumſpection, have
" been ACTÆONISED."

DIANA deeming MOMUS unworthy of a ſecond Reply, and obſerving the Partiality of many in the Aſſembly againſt her, defeated him and them by a Smile of Contempt, and well judged Silence. In ſo doing ſhe acted prudently. *Virtue* loſes in all Altercations with *Calumny*, and therefore ought to prefer Silence to Debate; while cheared, and ſtrengthened by a conſcious Purity of Heart, ſhe leaves the Tenor of her Actions to plead her Juſtification.

CHAP.

" What once has been, again may be."

It deſcends from Heaven, and Poetry is the Language of the Gods.

CHAP. VIII.

The DEITIES *return from visiting* MODESTY, *who, when grown up, is introduced to* JUPITER's *Court; but is universally disliked.*

THE Time allotted for Visitation over, the Gods and Goddesses retired to their respective Abodes. MODESTY was committed to the tender Tuition of her Mother HEBE, who educated her with all imaginable Care. As she rose in Stature, so she encreased in Beauty. Every Day unfolded new Graces, nay every Hour disclosed such Dawnings of a most amiably-disposed Mind, that she was admired, loved and honoured by all who knew her.

When she was of Age to appear at JUPITER's Levée, her Mother HEBE in-

introduced her at the Thunderer's brilliant Palace, in order to ſhew and accuſtom her early to the Grandees and Manners of *Olympus*.

Moſt of them behaved but cooly polite, barely civil, at her being preſented to them. They were (unaccountably to themſelves) awe-ſtruck by her.

No Perſon ſure was ever ſo unfit for that great Scene of Action, as undiſguiſed MODESTY, who with an ingenuous Simplicity delivered her Sentiments againſt every Thing ſhe ſaw offenſive to her.

The jolly Gods, who had hitherto lived in unmentroul'd Luxury, began to grow weary of MODESTY's reproachful Preſence; which lowered on them as a cenſorial Enquiry into the voluptuous Manner of proſtituting their Time. Such is the Nature of the diſuſed from *Virtue*,

and

and immerſed in *Vice*, that they careful-ly remove from before their Eyes every Thing that may awaken any Re-membrance, or even Idea of the for-mer.

In all their Meetings the undiſſem-bling Gods loudly pronounced their Diſ-like to MODESTY, in her and her Mo-ther's Hearing, and in Terms to this Purpoſe: "That, Particularity was e-"ver ridiculous; that her young God-"deſs-ſhip was an unexperienced, wild, "unſociable Being, moſt pedantically "educated, and would forſooth intro-"duce among her Elders and Betters in "Heaven, Manners auſtere, exotic, "barbarous, unknown, till then; nay "not ſo much as dreamt of by any "of them, before her Sillineſs was "born."

Strange to tell, but true it is; the Frenzy of the Celeſtials was ſo outra-geous,

geous, that many of them rather than dwell in Heaven with Modesty, thence voluntarily banished themselves to enjoy elsewhere their brutal Pleasures unrestrained.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Some of the Deities quit Heaven, rather than live there with MODESTY.

BACCHUS then, and ever ſince foremoſt on the Liſt of MODESTY's Foes, took the Lead, having previouſly intoxicated himſelf with drinking Bumpers of *Nectar* to the Confuſion and total Overthrow of MODESTY, and all her Adherents. In which Toaſt he was piouſly echoed, by old Carbuncle-faced SILENUS nodding on an Aſs, and his brim-full, ſwearing *Bacchanalians*. They planned their Pilgrimage to Mount *Tmolus*, whoſe Wines they all agreed were delicious, gave three Rounds of Huzzas in Honour of their drunken God, and tumultuouſly decamped.

MERCURY could not ſtand the Teſt, Impudence, Pimping, and Theft, being his

his Talents; so down he sneaked to the great public Roads on Earth: not so much for the Sake of indulging himself with the Incense which Travellers offer to him at the Meeting of four Roads, as in the Variety of Shapes he assumes to ease them of what he deems superfluous Incumbrances, which friendly and god-like Practice is kept up by his mortal Descendants, who are often exalted among us under the dignified Apellation of "Collectors of the High Way."

APOLLO, doubly a Liar, as Poet and Oracle, knowing that from the inviolable Attachment between MODESTY and TRUTH, there was no biding for him where they had any Influence, stole away to *Jugglers-Hall*, the Temple of *Delphos*. There he chouſed silly Mortals of great Sums of Money, by pretending to foretel future Events, he knew Nothing of; nor, if wise, should they desire to know; which Fate, supe-

rior to thoſe ſecondary Gods, keeps impenetrably ſecret, for the univerſal Good.

VENUS, tho' conſcious that any Semblance to, nay the ſlighteſt Air of MODESTY has been of great Service to her and her Votaries on many Occaſions; yet dreaded any Thing like the *Reality*; which muſt inevitably put an End to her Worſhip, and their Fortunes. Therefore, to ſhun any Manner of Encroachment, haſtily mounted into her ſilver Chariot, in which, drawn by harneſſed Doves, ſhe fled away to fan her Paſſions with the buxom Zephyrs of the Iſle of *Paphos*.

CUPID, weeping with Deſpite and Confuſion, purſuant to his Mother's Advice, flew to the Iſle of *Lemnos*. He for ſome Time flitted round the flaming Furnaces where VULCAN and his *Cyclops* fabricate immortal Works. The deep-fetched Groans of the little God reſound through the immenſe Caverns. The affrighted,

frighted, one-eyed, and gigantic Brethren, let fall their ponderous Hammers, and ſtare Amazement on each other.

Mad with Indignation and Rage, he breaks what he had lately experienced his ineffectual Arrows, calls haughtily to VULCAN for others in their Place, that ſhould deal Anguiſh and Deſpair to every Heart they pierce. For Credentials of his Demand, he delivers a Billet-doux from his beautiful, delicious and enchanting Mother, to the gruff, ſmoky, Anvil-beating God; which contained a Promiſe of Kindneſs at their firſt Rencontre. VULCAN, well pleaſed, horribly grinned a Smile, and immediately executed the imperious Urchin's Requeſt.

Scarce had the petty Tyrant received the new-made Weapons, when he thrice dipt their fatal Points in Gall and Blood. That done, he ſheathed them in his Quiver.

Triumphing

Triumphing before-hand, in the future Effects of his newly acquired Instruments of Havock, he riſes, and departs on exulting Wings from *Lemnos*; but ſwears eternal Hoſtilities againſt the Peace of Mortals.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

JUPITER *baniſhes* MODESTY *from* HEAVEN.

IN the mean Time JUPITER became very uneaſy at the Thinneſs of his Levées, by the general Diſperſion of the Gods. He knew very well, that MODESTY's being about Court, was the Cauſe of their Deſertion. Nay he felt the ſame Diſlike the departed Gods did againſt this young and troubleſome Stranger. He repented his having conſented to the Birth of this Goddeſs. For ſince her being admitted to his Preſence, TRUTH's importuning Rays continually haraſſed his Reaſon, in Deſpite of his boaſted Omnipotence.

In vain did he ſtrive to eſcape her Sollicitations, by ſhifting into different Forms,

Forms, ſhe knew him thro' every Diſguiſe. In vain did he envelop himſelf in the darkeſt Cloud he could borrow from his Couſin NIGHT, TRUTH's pervading Rays formed a Luſtre round him; by whoſe lively Reflexion his criminal Attachments were made to glare on him in the ſtrongeſt Light.

Deſperate Diſeaſes require deſperate Cures; therefore JUPITER no longer able to endure the Perſecution of a Virtue ſo diametrically oppoſite to his vicious Inclinations, reſolved to baniſh her.

He diſpatched one of his Heralds to ſummon her to appear forthwith before him, ſeated on his Gold, and Ivory Throne.

The Articles of Impeachment were, 1. Her being diſaffected to his State; 2. Her being a public Nuſance; 3. That on her Account ſeveral Deities had removed from *Olympus*, and left it almoſt a Solitude.

From

From theſe Premiſſes it was concluded, that her immediate Abſence was requiſite for the Quiet of Heaven, and recalling thither the refugeed Divinities. Therefore JUPITER, upon mature Deliberation, baniſhed her to go, and introduce her new fangled Doctrines among inferior Mortals, and try how they might ſucceed there. As He pronounced the Sentence, He ſhook his Locks, Heaven trembled; and perhaps my Readers are aſtoniſhed.

What can Innocence do againſt Power? Therefore the young Goddeſs ſubmiſſively obeyed the ſevere Decree, and was cheared at the Thought of quitting defiled *Olympus*; that thereby ſhe ſhould be freed from the frequent Neceſſity of meeting Vice, and the many affrontful Shocks ſhe ſuffered from ſuch diſagreeable Encounters.

CHAP. XI.

MODESTY's *Arrival upon Earth.*

MODESTY is now arrived on Earth, and obliged to ſeek among Mortals thoſe Virtues the Gods, whom they adore, had long ſince diſclaimed.

She made choice of the tender Sex as the peculiar Objects of her Care, and even among them gave the Preference of Cohabitation to young Maids, to which ſhe was induced by the Congeniality of their States, as well as by their greater Suſceptibility of, and readier Obedience to Inſtruction, than is met with in thoſe of riper Years. She alſo hoped that, ſequeſtered from thoſe of the high Rank ſhe was degraded from, and Vice their Darling, ſhe ſhould among in-

innocent Nymphs enjoy all the Sweets of undebauched Tranquility.

The Beginning of her Exile was not diſagreeable to her; ſhe found our World in a State of univerſal Peace and Amity.

Equality of Conditions, kind Diſtributreſs of unenvied Happineſs, ſupported the triple, and undivided Reign of Juſtice, Candour, and Integrity.

Men did not as yet know the diſhonourable Arts of cheating each other; and if they had, they would bluſh at the moſt diſtant Thoughts of putting them in Practice.

Truth flowed from their Lips, as naturally as the Breath they exhaled. Their innate Virtue had as yet defended them from the baneful Influence of vicious Cuſtoms, and powerful Contagion of bad Example.

The Crowd of tumultuous Paſſions that now tyrannize; and ſeducive Habitudes long ſince demi-natured to the Sex, had not as yet invaded Maiden Hearts.

The Loſs of primitive Innocence among Men was not as yet attributed to the too fatal Charms of Woman; who was looked upon by her Admirers, as a Preſent from Heaven to alleviate the Labours of Life, and protract in a Manner its Duration, in a ſmiling Progeny: begot by us, not through any Neceſſity impoſed; but an Attachment ſprung from a mutual Liking, and emulous Complacency.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

CUPID *begins his Hoſtilities againſt* MODESTY *in the Hearts of young Maids.*

CUPID, impatient to be revenged on MODESTY, let her enjoy the Bliſs of her new Aſylum but for a very ſhort Time.

He did not begin the Attack in Perſon, leſt his Preſence ſhould terrify too much Hearts, as yet unweaned from Virtue. He employed Plenty and Prodigality for his Harbingers; to their Beck are ſubſervient all Vice-engendering Pleaſures. They kindled in the Sex the latent Sparks of Self-love and Vanity. Hence ſprang the fatal Deſire "to ſee, "and to be ſeen," which is the firſt Rock Female Virtue ſplits on.

The next is the Study of Dreſs, and enhancing their Beauty; which too generally conſtitute the entire Merit of the Sex. Their Hearts become a Prey to enſnaring Appearances; each of them bedecked her Perſon with ſtudied Allurements, that wanton Deſires, and not the true Secret of pleaſing, inſpired them with. Vain Ornaments of Dreſs, ridiculous Affectation in Manners; in ſhort every Device was employed in order to ſucceed.

Modesty was no longer liſtened to by the fair Apoſtates, and the moſt valuable of Nature's Gifts was blotted out of the Liſt of Neceſſaries for a Lady's Toilet.

Male Lovers became a particular Species of Man. They had Maxims and a Worſhip peculiar to themſelves; a Worſhip the more dangerous for Incocence, as there are no Laws to diſcountenance the Profeſſion of it; And that every

Member

Member of it is allowed once in his Life at leaſt to make unto himſelf a Deity after his own Heart, and to recant from it, as ſoon after as he pleaſes.

How great was the Affliction of Modesty when ſhe obſerved in the young Maids, whoſe Hearts ſhe was forming, ſo ſtrong a Propenſity to ſtray into the Paths of Error. There is no expreſſing her Anguiſh when ſhe found their young Minds ſo fertile in Reſources to palliate *Vice*, but not one to plead in the Behalf of *Virtue*; which, inſtead of loving, they now began to ſhun.

All that ſhe could, ſhe did, to put a ſtop to the growing Diſorder. She employed Diffidence and Precaution to defend her youthful Charge. To effect her Deſign ſhe frequently drew before their young Minds the moſt terrifying Pictures of the dire Effects of Love; but in vain.

Her final Reſource was to call Reaſon to the Aſſiſtance of thoſe who had ſwerved from the Road of Virtue. *Reaſon*'s preliminary Articles to the *Heart* were, 1. To refuſe all private Meetings; 2. To ſhun dangerous Opportunity. But the biaſſed *Heart*, inſtead of inclining to *Reaſon*, abetted her Enemy.

Modesty repeatedly defeated in herſelf and Allies, chagrined, diſconcerted, and deſpairing, for the laſt Effort of her hitherto baffled Friendſhip mantled in their Faces in the pureſt Crimſon of their Blood, to make her Preſence reſpected.

But alas! ſhe ſaw the dreaded Moment when ſhe was not only ſuffered to be beſieged, but treacherouſly yielded by her renegade Hoſteſs, a ſhameful Sacrifice to the licentious Deſires of raſh, and inconſiderate Youth.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

MODESTY *retreats into the Hearts of married Women; but is thence alſo expelled by the Machinations of* CUPID.

AFTER ſo groſs an Affront MODESTY could be no longer enſhrined in Temples profaned; the proſtituted Hearts of Maids, that had ſo infamouſly diſhonoured her Altars: ſhe departed thence with Eyes cloſed, determined never to look back upon them.

The Difficulty now was, where to find a Refuge ſhe might live with Safety in. She was generally ſhunned in the Heavens above, and on the Earth below, for the Purity of her Manners; which were ſo ſcrupulouſly nice, that ſhe could not help feeling ſome Reluctance to aſ-

ſiſt at the legitimate Rites of Matrimony.

This cauſed her (on her firſt Arrival here below) not to be made ſo much of by the married Women, as one would naturally have expected; nor indeed was ſhe on her Side very deſirous of cultivating an Intimacy with them.

Outed from the Hearts of Maids, and compelled by inflexible Neceſſity (to which the Gods themſelves muſt yield) to live upon Earth; ſhe even condeſcended to take up with, and *inn*, in the Hearts of married Women:- there determined to lock herſelf up from the inſolent Attacks of her itinerant Foes, who were in Purſuit of her every where.

She had not been long in her new Lodgment before ſhe underſtood that her unrelenting Antagoniſt CUPID was on his March to beat up her Quarters,

and

and force her from the Entrenchments of her badly accommodated Fortifications.

What aggravated this diſagreeable News to MODESTY, was her having at the ſame Time reconnoitred that the lawful Pleaſures married Women are not only entitled to, but in full Poſſeſſion of, inſtead of reſtraining from Temptations of Lubricity, but rather whet them with keen Deſires of making new Experiments.

If driven from her preſent Habitation, indifferent as it was, ſhe ſcarce knew where after to hope for Shelter. She conſequently reſolved to make Head againſt all intervening Obſtacles, all indign Adverſities. She buſtled a great deal in Hopes of inſpiring them with the laudable Deſire of the married State's primitive Innocence; under whoſe golden Reign Society was happy. She likewiſe reproached them for betraying the Confidence their Huſbands had in

them. For Incitements to the former, and Diſcouragements from the latter, ſhe pointed out to them, but at a great Diſtance indeed, the pleaſurable Paths of Virtue.

Some replied they were near-ſighted, and could not ſee ſo far. Others complained of the Lowneſs of Modesty's Voice, and their own Hardneſs of hearing, which hindered their underſtanding what ſhe would be at. In a Word, ſhe laboured to no purpoſe. Not one among them but had an Excuſe ready for her Juſtification.

Theſe alledged that their Hearts had been ſet up by their Friends as a public Sale, to the higheſt bidder; that Marriage, by Broker-Law-Makers was degenerated into a ſcandalous Traffic, and was no longer the Band of ſympathiſing Hearts.

Thoſe

Thoſe raving at Sight of the aged Wrinkles of their Huſbands, inceſſantly exclaimed againſt the Diſparity of their Years; aſſerted, that they had a Right to puniſh the ſuperanuated Inſolvents; and make them expiate the Crime of their having come into the World ſo long before their Wives.

Many declared that they liſtened to their Galants with no other View than that of retaliating to their faithleſs, and inconſtant Huſbands. But anſwer me, ſpirited and mettled Ladies, can committing a Fault of the ſame Nature, tho' by Way of Repriſal, vouch for your Innocence? —— It is believed not.

A great Number having no particular Pretext to palliate their Irregularities with, threw the Blame entirely from themſelves, on the malignant Influence of their Stars. It is ſtrange thoſe wicked Stars will not ceaſe meddling in the Affairs of poor helpleſs Women; as if there

there were not ſublunary Engines enow, and but too prompt to batter and undermine the moſt ſolid Foundations of their Virtue.

The remaining Part offered ſome Excuſe or other to diminiſh their Crimes, or rather Failings, perhaps meer Slips of Frailty. So implanted is the original Regard for Virtue in every Heart, that it is never thence ſo entirely defaced, but that it is thought incumbent to find out ſome Reaſon, true or falſe, to juſtify not only to others, but to one's ſelf, the Motives for having deſerted from her.

What could MODESTY do in ſuch a deplorable Situation? She ſighed, ſhe groaned, ſhe inveighed againſt the inſatiable Cruelty of perſecuting CUPID, who refuſed her any Interval of Quiet in her pitiable Exile.

She confeſſed indeed, that among the great Number of Women, whoſe Hearts

ſhe

ſhe had examined, ſhe hit on a few that, in Strictneſs, had been faithful to their Huſbands. But they were, ſhe added, of a cold Habit of Body, and uncommunicative Conſtitution. Their oſtentatious Boaſts of a clear Conſcience were extremely troubleſome to all who lived with them; and they made ſuch a Clutter about their inſulting Chaſtity, that they lived in perpetual Jars and Variance with their Huſbands *.

Such Characters are diſagreeable to MODESTY, who is naturally ſweet-tempered, ſubmiſſive, patient, and could not ſojourn with any Satisfaction in Places where ſhe was liable to the frequent Return of Hurricanes of meer machinal Chaſtity.

Deep-

* Whether our LAUREAT has ever heard of this MS or not, I can't ſay; but can aſſert that he has drawn an admirable Character of this Sort, in his excellent Comedy, THE PROVOKED HUSBAND.

Deeply affected by the ſad Experiments ſhe had made, ſhe diſclaimed any farther Commerce with married Women; Shame reddening over her Face, and Tears ſtreaming from her Eyes on Account of their unpardonable and incorrigible Follies.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

MODESTY's *Proteſt, Vow, and Repentance.*

RETired to an Eminence remote from human Society, to indulge her Sorrows, MODESTY broke out, and made the following *Proteſt.*

" Since the Gods in Confederacy to " work my Ruin, are not ſatisfied in " having condemned me to Baniſhment " on Earth, but have alſo ſtirred up the " audacious Sons of Man to affront me " on every Occaſion, and have defeated " all my charitable Intents to hold up " the weak Sex from falling, and to " make them walk ſtrait in the Ways I " had marked out to them. But ſince " the Event has diſappointed me, I " ſwear by Thee, abhorred STYX, that in

" thy

" thy foul Boſom rolleſt Fatality and
" Darkneſs, I never will return to
" the polluted Hearts I have been ba-
" niſhed from.

" In vain ſhall Men ſeek for me in
", Woman-kind. Placed out of the
" Reach of their lewd Purſuits they
" never more ſhall ſee me, nor immo-
" late my Innocence to their Brutality.
" Never more by heightening Reſiſtan-
" ces, inciting Denials, and kind De-
" lays, will I give a new Zeſt to *Love*,
" which henceforward forſaken by me
" ſhall dwindle into Qualms, Inſipidi-
" ty, and Loathing. 'Tis thus, O
" dreaded STYX, I mean by an abſolute
" Divorce from the weak, hence forward
" to be weaker, Sex, to revenge me on
" CUPID, for his cruel Perſecutions.

" Ah me! what univerſal Diſorder!
" How the Torrent of Vice bears down
" Man's fallen Race! Future Ages not
" to be outdone in Infamy by the pre-
" ceding,

" ceding, emulouſly refine upon every
" Debauchery, and improve on every
" Corruption of Manners tranſmitted to
" them.

" The Women wearing but a
" meer Outſide, a ſlight Gauze of me,
" (faint Remembrance) ſhall think no-
" thing frightful in Vice but the Diffi-
" culty of maſking, and concealing it.
" What little Shew of Decency may
" chance to appear among them, ſhall
" not proceed from a Love of *Virtue*,
" but merely the Shame that follows
" Vice, when made public; for which
" critical Accidents they will be taught
" the Art of bluſhing. All which fe-
" male Fineſſe will be but an equivocal
" Sign for Men to add any Faith to,
" much leſs to rely on.

" For my Part, ſince irrevocably
" doomed to live upon Earth, *I vow*,
" from this Hour, to fix my Reſidence
" in the Virgin Hearts of new-born In-
" fants,

" fants, and there to remain until they " attain the Age of twelve Years; " there ſure I ſhall never be in Danger " from the ſhocking Impertinences I " have met with in thoſe of riper " Years".

Having finiſhed, ſhe haſted from the Eminence to take Poſſeſſion of the Hearts of female Infants in the Cradle. She had for many Years religiouſly kept her *Vow*, and never quitted them before the Age of Twelve.

But the World advancing in Years, and in Malice, ſhe has ſince diſcovered, that in ſome even that tender Age is but an uncertain Inſurance, and that often the premature Wantonneſs of the Sex will not wait for that Period.

Hence MODESTY has been frequently alarmed by unexpected Attempts before the ſtipulated Time of Separation: and what is ſtill more incredible, ſhe ſometimes receives Notice to abdicate her Power

Power before the Term, in order that an unnatural Uſurper may be received in her Place.

She conſtantly *repents* the Raſhneſs of her *Vow*, that binds her to cohabit with the Generality of the Sex ſo long as *twelve Years* *.

Since it is ſo difficult to aſcertain the Term of MODESTY's Duration in the fair, to what enigmatic Period ſhall we annex it for the ſuperior Sex, that boaſts its Fortitude; to whoſe upright Importunities, and moral Intentions, moſt of the Treſpaſſes of the former againſt MODESTY ought to be attributed.

How far both have renounced her Standard, will be evinced from their favourable Intercourſe in the SEQUEL.

* This only bears hard on the *Athenian* Miſſes of old; ſome of whom were naught before this Time of Life: Beſides, the natural Virtue of our Climate, the Regularity of our Boarding-Schools, and the Morality of *French* Governantes, preſerve all our young Miſſes' Minds untainted.—— Heaven knows how long!

THE

THE
REIGN
OF
PLEASURE.

Æneadum Genitrix, Hominum, Divûmque Voluptas
Alma VENUS, &c.

LUCRET.

Hail bliſsful Parent of the Julian Line,
VENUS by Men adored, by Gods revered.

LONDON:
MDCCLVII.

THE

Introduction

OF

TREASURE.

Fortitudo Cupidinis, Dominatur, Dominatur Pompam Mortis Vestra &c.

LUCRET.

Hail blissful Parent of the Julian Line,
VENUS by Men adored, by Gods revered.

LONDON:

MDCCLVII.

Introduction.

THE REIGN OF PLEASURE, a natural Sequel to the preceding Work, contains a View of Society reſigned to the Influence of VENUS and her SON; after they had entirely routed their hated Adverſary.

It is not derived to us from any *Greek*, or *Latin* Original; but from a modern votive Piece, of perhaps the moſt enthuſiaſtic Panegyriſt of the fore-mentioned Deities: from which, as often as we deviate, let ſome Remains of MODESTY plead our Excuſe.

Introduction.

THE REIGN OF PLEASURE.

CHAP. I.

An Invocation to PLEASURE *by debauched Society, perſonified.*

PLEASURE! ſupreme Divinity of Men and Gods, whom no Power can withſtand, nor Reaſon oppoſe, thou knoweſt with what Fervour my Heart adores, and the Sacrifices it has made to thee, permit me to be an humble Sharer in

thy Panegyric; for I ſhould think myſelf unworthy to approach thy Shrine, if I omitted any Occaſion of baſking in thy Preſence; or if I ever ceaſed to review in Thought (pleaſing Remembrance) the many Favours I am indebted for. To declare myſelf but grateful, would be almoſt criminal. Some nobler Tribute muſt be paid; a devout Effuſion of the happy Sentiments I have been bleſſed with.

Goddeſs of ſuperior Souls, enchanting Pleaſure, O never let thy elegant Pencil be degraded to paint low, brutal Luſt, or unlicenſed Appetites, Nature turns abhorrent from; but glowing with the exquiſite Paſſions inſpired by CYTHEREA's Son, let it paint them with Tranſport. O may that impetuous active Deity hurl defeated Reaſon from her Throne; or, if in rapturedly intoxicated Minds, any ſtraggling Rays of her remain, let them be intimately tinctured with, and thereby add new Brilliancy to Pleaſure.

Cold

Cold Philoſophy be dumb, and liſten to my Precepts, for I feel the Approaches of the voluptuous Power I adore.

Vile Hackneyed Proſtitutes dare not to defile my Imagination, that, unſullied, it may purſue its Taſk. *Pandora's* Box did not let looſe among Mankind ſo many Evils, as they are infected with from your obſcene Embraces. Without Sentiment there can be no Pleaſure; and in Proportion as that has been refined, this riſes in Delicacy. Harlots, the more you market down your venal Beauty, the more you offend and are diſclaimed by Love. Connect with Satyrs, whoſe groſs Deſires you are fitted for. May all Men ſo depraved as to find Pleaſure with you, never know worthier Objects; unworthy yourſelves of any Heart endowed with Feeling. In vain do you attack me with ſolliciting Eyes, in vain diſplay your ſtreet-walking Charms manipulated by Thouſands. Learn from me, abandoned Courtezans, that the Body's Sen-

ſes, however exquiſite, are but groſs Mediums, through which congenial Souls unite. This Truth haſt thou often experienced, thrice happy NINON, throughout a Life of taſteful Bliſs: tranſcendent Miſtreſs in the Art of true Enjoyment, for ever ſhalt thou flouriſh foremoſt in the Faſts of Love, and *Cleopatra*'s Self ſhall yield Precedency to thee.

Daughters of Prudery and Affectation, who ſeem abaſhed and feign Alarms at any Warmth of Expreſſion, keep far from our ſacred Rites; PLEASURE deſires not your Acquaintance, though well informed, that in your Deſhabille you are not ſo auſtere. But, above all, profane not the Precincts of our Temple, Female Devotees, without the Shadow of any Virtue to apologize for your manifold Vices.

But O, ye fair ones, who chuſe Reaſon for your Guide to love, I fear not your

your Diſapprobation to my Defence of a Cauſe, in whoſe Service cultivated Reaſon militates, not by the weak Means of Style, but by Sentiments worthy of Immortals. If to your refined and delicate Manner of thinking my Picture ſhould appear ſhort of the Original, favour me with a kind Look, from whoſe creative Energy, every Defect ſhall be inſtantly ſupplied; and all-ſubduing Love, ſo proud to have formed you, that he inceſſantly admires himſelf in the moſt beautiful of his Works, will pour through my Pencil in glowing Tints, that Tenderneſs and Bliſs, for whoſe Reſidence he has conſecrated your Hearts.

I ſcorn the beaten Tracks of quaint or ſtilted Wits; for to imitate thoſe ſervile Followers of tame Originals, would extinguiſh every warm and voluptuous Idea. Too great an Anxiety of Art degenerates into glittering Trifles, which ſound Judgment condemns; or a frigid Correctneſs, which Genius deſpiſes, and

PLEASURE deteſts. Innate Sentiment, undebauched by Fashion, is my only Claim to Wit. So the Fire that kindles me prove worthy of the inſpiring God, let the Paſſions riot in my Work, and the whole preſent a beautiful Diſorder.

Auguſt Divinity, that haſt protected the immortal Poetry of *Lucretius*, aſſiſt and invigorate me the humbleſt, though not the leaſt zealous of thy Votaries. Ye active Spirits, that flow freely through my Veins, convey into my Colours that enrapturing Joy, which by your Miniſtry always revels in my Heart.

Ye famed Interpreters of PLEASURE, to whom the Graces and Love are bound in eternal Gratitude, whatever may have been your Claſs, the ſublime, the tender, or the unaffectedly ingenuous, ſuffer me to come in for a Share, however ſmall; and if unequal to overtake you in the delightful Taſk, ſpare me a guiding Beam of that Light, by which

you

you ſteered: as Comets leave after them a fiery Trail that marks their Way.

But why apply ſo far, when ye alone are ſufficient to inſpire me, ye ſpoiled Children, ye Pets of Nature, and of *Love*, formed by this God with peculiar Care, that ye might execute Projects worthy of him; and that conſtitute the Happineſs of human Kind. Warm me with a kindred Genius; open to me the Sanctuary of Nature illuminated by Love: become a new, but a more happy PROMETHEUS, I from thence will ſteal the ſacred Fire of PLEASURE, and inextinguiſhably fix it in my Heart, as in its Temple. Then EPICURUS ſhall appear anew, and ſuch, as he ought, to reign in every Heart.

O Nature, O Love, may I be able to infuſe into the Panegyric of your Charms all thoſe Tranſports I have felt in the Favours granted me.

CHAP. II.

The Courtſhip of PHYLLIS.

COME PHYLLIS, let us go down to yonder ſilent Vale, all Nature is aſleep, we only wake; let us ſit under thoſe Trees, where no other Noiſe is heard, but the gentle Ruſtling of their Leaves, which the enamoured Zephyr by careſſing agitates. Lo, they ſeem to meet, and cloſe one with the other. Ah! PHYLLIS, is it not Love's Signal for us to do ſo too?

Say, charming Nymph, if you feel not tender Emotions, and a delicious Languiſhing unknown before? Yes, I already ſee the kind Impreſſion of this myſterious Retreat on my beloved. The ſparkling Gaiety of your Eyes is changed to a melting Softneſs; as the Pulſe moves nimbler,

nimbler, the beauteous Boſom heaves, and your unpracticed Heart feels the Alarms of Love.

Let not thoſe kind Emotions, nor the tender Sentiments they cauſe, affright you, PHYLLIS. I will explain them to you.

Your Virtue ſtartles at its having been ſurprized, and that Modeſty which cauſes your Anxiety, enhances your Beauty. For while your Pride refuſes, your Heart pleads in the Behalf of Love.

Your Reſiſtance is in vain. We muſt all follow our Deſtiny. To compleat your Happineſs, there is wanting yet, but Love. Will you then deny yourſelf what encreaſes by having a Sharer in it? Sooner or later you will be caught by ſome of thoſe very Snares, you undeſignedly ſpread abroad for our Sex.

Could you form to yourſelf even but a faint Idea of the Raptures enjoyed by mutually enamoured Hearts, you would pray back from JUPITER all thoſe tedious Hours, thoſe irkſome Voids of Life, that have ſluggiſhly limped away, undignified by Love.

When a fair one has conſented to make, and to be happy, exiſting but for him, whoſe Life is hers, ſweet Reluctances are not ſometimes amiſs; they provoke to amorous Thefts, that awaken Fondneſs, which ſighs to be ſubdued by tender Violence; whilſt Eyes confuſed amongſt a World of kindling Charms, are dumb Petitioners for what the Tongue refuſes. Thrice happy Pair! when the approved Lover is by virtuous Honour crowned with Myrtle. How bliſsful the Moments when Reaſon gives Place to the Language of Hearts. When our—but dear PHYLLIS, Expreſſion is Bankrupt

rupt from the Inſtant it would paint ſuch Joys. Amiable Tenderneſs! melting Extaſies! If the Heart can't conceive, vain is the Mind's Attempt to deſcribe you.

Ha!—You ſigh, my Charmer, you feel the Preludes of Fondneſs. Love, how adorable is thy Power! If a weak Picture of thee excite Deſires, what muſt thy energic Preſence do!

In the ſweet Spring of Life, PHYLLIS, enjoy your Charms. To be beautiful but for one's Self, is to have been born a Torment for Mankind.

Be not afraid of Love, nor of the Lover, once avowed Miſtreſs of my Heart, there you ſhall for ever reign. Virtue is the beſt Guaranty for the Conqueſts of Beauty.

I love in the old ingenuous Way, before the Arts of ſighing and making Vows

Vows were invented. Love never valued himself for Riches. All that he has, he gives, a Heart; and tender as thine, O PHYLLIS. Why keep our's longer separate? Let us by uniting taste Love's Treasure.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

A young Shepherd and Shepherdeſs in the State of Nature.

BEHOLD in what Harmony thoſe two Infants of different Sexes live. How happy ſhall they be hereafter. Love has never had in his Retinue two more affectionate, nor more faithful Servitors than they ſhall prove. Free from all Prejudices of Education, they ſhall mutually love, guided by the Dictates of Inſtinct, ſuperior to thoſe of Reaſon, they ſhall indulge Nature's kind Inclinations; which are innocent of Guilt, becauſe irreſiſtible.

Behold this ſprightly Boy, who, without perceiving it, is already more than Man. What electric Fire ſhoots thro' his Veins! He ſees Things in another Light,

Light. With the general Revolution of his Frame, his Taſte is altered, and the Objects of his Paſſion are changed with his Voice. Why does he now deſpiſe what was his Amuſement before? Enjoying as it were a new Being, he is all Amazement, feels and deſires he knows not what. He conjectures there is a Faculty to become happy from the Deſire he has of being ſo. The Hurry and Confuſion of his Deſires form a Kind of Veil, that now conceals from him his future Happineſs. Deſpair not, young Shepherd, Love will diſſipate the preſent Chaos; none ſhall you be long a Stranger to thoſe Pleaſures you unknowingly ſigh for. Nature will inſtruct you by frequent Repreſentations of them, you'll meet Precepts to love in almoſt every Object.

What Reflections ſhall ariſe from ſuch Sights? How curiouſly inquiſitive will they be on every Article, Love, their Prompter, one inſtructs the other.

The

The Shepherdeſs's Boſom bears the budding Marks of beautiful Diſtinction from the Shepherd's; and as the breaſtes they alternately riſe and fall; thus they ſolicit, and ſwoln with Indignation at their Confinement, want to emancipate themſelves from MODESTY's Impediments into the Arms of their beloved. Innocent Deſires, tender Diſquietudes are by them diſplayed without any Diſguiſe of Art. No Sentiment is concealed, for they are all new, and too impetuous to bear Reſtraint.

A more conſiderable Difference is yet to be diſcovered. Look with Tranſport on yon vermillioned Roſe, which too happy HYMEN *ſometimes* receiveth from the Hands of Love. It has ſcarcely bloſſomed when it wiſhes to be gathered. Delicious Flower, thy Leaves are covered with an Ermine; in whoſe Intricacies a thouſand little Loves inhabit, and by whoſe kind Interpoſition, all ſmarting Conſequences are prevented.

Re-

Recovered from his firſt Amazement at its Beauty, the Shepherd dwells on it with devouring Eyes. How great his Extacy, whether he touches a Part, ſurveys the whole, or examines in Detail. The amorous Ætna in his Heart blazes through his Eyes.

The Shepherdeſs is become for the firſt Time curious to know her other Excellencies, beſides thoſe of her bewitching Face; which in a clear Stream ſhe had already often ſeen; but never before was that Mirrour honoured with the Reflection of thoſe ſecret Charms ſhe now contemplates.

Nor is ſhe leſs ſurprized at DAPHNIS' diſtinctive Criterions from her. How ſhe gazes on the ſurpriſing Difference! She is all in a Tremor as ſhe touches or careſſes, without knowing the Services it is deſigned for; or why her Heart beats ſo tumultuouſly, that ſhe is quite confuſed.

ſed. But, awaking from a Kind of Delirium, a Ray of Light, detatched from MODESTY, glances on her Eyes, and alarms her Heart; ſhe turns from the Monſter with Averſion, exclaiming, "No, no, it never can—it never ſhall "be." Alas, poor Girl, you know not yet the ſubduing Power of CUPID.

No guilty Idea was excited by thoſe amorous Reſearches; they were purſued by young Hearts; the Purity of whoſe natural Affections had not as yet been poiſoned by Repentance. Happy young ones! who would not deſire to be like you, you will ſoon know other Joys, and not leſs innocent; for Pleaſure never abides in vicious and corrupted Hearts. What Situation is ſo much to be envied as yours?

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

The Amours of ISMENIAS *and* ISMENE.

IS. not that ISMENIAS determined to bear off the Object of his Deſires? The Happineſs that ſparkles in his Eyes diffuſes a Luſtre over his Perſon——But hark, he ſpeaks. How pleaſed and charmed he looks! "Shall "I then poſſeſs what my Heart adores? "I ſhall enjoy the Fruits of the moſt "flattering Victory. Immortal Powers, "how have I toiled for this Succeſs! "The Conqueſt of the World is nothing "to the Reduction of a Heart like Is-"MENE'S".

Now he expatiates on her Charms. "All other Women indeed have Faces, "ISMENE alone has a Complexion; "there can be no Senſibility, no Deli-"cacy, but in Features like her's. I know

"know not from what happy Mixture
"of Colours the Difficulty arises of de-
"ciding, whether there be more Senti-
"ment, or Wit in her Eyes".

ISMENE, who knew nothing of her Lover's Design, nay had long forbid him so hazardous an Attempt.—Without Hesitation we ought always to remove every Cause of Anxiety from her we adore.—Though Love be obeyed through Disobedience to a Mistress, yet as in War, so in his Service, Duty is all, and Danger nothing. The more her Admirer dares, the kinder ISMENE grows.—How Love inspires Courage! This Proof of Tenderness will be for ever dear to her; and she will hereafter express a grateful Remembrance of it to ISMENIAS.

He is misinformed at a little Distance from ISMENE's Dwelling, that she was already gone out. He can't devise how he could miss her on the Road. Actuated

ted by different Thoughts, he knows not what to reſolve on. He goes a little Way, returns again, with Looks diſtracted, and unconſcious of what he does. He meets not his ISMENE, and raves leſt ſhe ſhould be firſt at the Rendezvous. Goddeſs of *Paphos*, what would her Affliction be at not finding ISMENIAS there!

But in the Moment, when leaſt expected, he is better informed; happy Revolution! What triumphant Serenity of Countenance ſucceeds to the Dejection it had been overcaſt with. He pays devout Thanks to Love, for having looked with Pity on his Sufferings.

He kiſſes ISMENE's Billet a thouſand Times, bedews it with his Tears, flies to her Houſe. Difficulties diſappear before enamoured Eyes; and the Wings of Love ſoon waft them over any Space.

From

From his Joy, gueſs what muſt her's be at hearing him relate his Story. Gueſs if you can, whoſe Satisfaction of the two is the more refined. If Pleaſure be enhanced from having ſuffered, Ismenias, how I envy you!

At length they ſee each other; endeavour to ſpeak; but ſilent through Earneſtneſs, and hurry of embracing, they are an illuſtrious Proof how inadequate Language is to Sentiment. As ſoon as they have recovered Speech, good Gods, what Dialogues are theirs! They talk not of the deſpicable Buſineſs of this World, no, they have nobler Objects to think of, after ſo long and cruel a Separation; they eccho to each other, "I "never knew before how much I love". It would be as difficult to render their Diſcourſe here, as the Pleaſure they felt; which, without ſympathiſing, and being in the ſame delicious Situation, is impoſſible.

Is-

ISMENIAS, as I well foreſaw, can never forget what ISMENIAS has done for her. A ſplendid Fortune ſeems too ſmall a Sacrifice, and that nothing leſs than herſelf can be a proper Retaliation to a Paramour, whoſe Wealth conſiſts in Love.

PLEASURE ſtretches out an inviting Hand to ISMENE, ſhews her a Chain of Flowers. And can ſhe refuſe a young amiable Deity, who aims at nothing but her Felicity?——No; inſtant Determination is conſentaneous with the Advice of Love. How agitated ſhe appears by different Sentiments, and how extraordinary are the Conditions ſhe impoſes on her Lover!

"You muſt be ſenſible of what "Lengths I have gone for you. I can "no more appear in public; prevailing "Prejudices forbid it. And if I loſe "you, (but may I periſh firſt) for I then "can

" can have no Refuge but in Death——
" I paſs over the Articles of Ingratitude,
" Infidelity, Inconſtancy, and Con-
" tempt—for if— Heaven knows how
" hereafter, when too late, I may repent
" this my unguarded Proceeding——
" But what have I to fear? ISMENIAS
" ſoars above the common Herd of
" Men; his noble Soul can never ſtoop
" to their vile Practices, nor can Ho-
" nour betray to Tears that Virtue it
" has ſeduced.

" I offend you by my idle Talk.
" Thou art the darling Object of my
" Choice, and I am ſure of thee; if I
" were not, of what Avail would it be
" to foreſee an Unhappineſs out of
" my Power to prevent.

" But yet, however devoted I may be
" to Love, I ſhall have this Command
" over myſelf, to allow no farther
" Advances than we have gone; for in
" every Senſe——— my Lover you

" ſhall

" ſhall never be. ISMENE has ſworn
" it by the dreadful STYX".

Afflicted ISMENIAS groans; cannot conceive why ſo rigorous a Law ſhould derive from ſo tender a Heart, and thus breaks out; " Kind, yet cruel ISMENE,
" you ſay you love me, yet preſcribe
" Limits".

" I ſhall ſuffer moſt by the Refuſal,
" (ſhe replies.) A tender Intercourſe of
" Hearts is the moſt exalted Bliſs;
" what I refuſe you in Enjoyment, you
" will have amply made up in Senti-
" ment; there is not a Movement of
" my Soul but what inclines towards,
" nor does a Sigh eſcape from me but
" in Queſt of you. Set you no Value,
" ISMENIAS, on ſo much Tenderneſs,
" nor on a Heart that has never ma-
" chinally loved; but knows how to
" heighten thoſe Moments, which other
" Women can fill up but with coarſe
" Enjoyment?"

Love

Love is eloquent, and ISMENIAS might have diſplayed all his Rhetoric, boaſted his Experience, his Addreſs, have perſuaded, nay perhaps convinced;—but this was not the Time, a diſcreet Retreat was the more eligible. For in ſuch Occurrences, it is better by obeying to diſſipate all Apprehenſions, than to flagrantly attempt to ſeduce. It is more prudent to deſiſt from certain Purſuits, when not made in the critical Minute; for a miſ-timed Demand may for ever after preclude us from the Hope of any Favour.

ISMENIAS was too great an Adept in the Myſteries of *Paphos*, not to check the Vehemence of his Deſires, and behaved with ſo much Diſcretion to the Hour of Departure, that ſhe began to relent, and think her Injunction was carried too far.

But Meaſures are ſo well taken, that the Conduct of ISMENE cannot fall un-

der any Suſpicion of Levity; even Prejudice is deceived.

Why, ye Powers, ſuch cruel Returns? Ought a Heart without Artifice be liable to Remorſe? Why do theſe Tormentors perſecute ISMENE? She fears the Conſequences of a Step too far, and trembles at the Thought of being found out. She even reproaches herſelf for the Homage paid to a Virtue ſhe fancies ſhe has not. How candid, how ingenuous are her Reflections on herſelf. Nay more, ſhe accuſes herſelf to have trifled with Prudence, and to have deceived both Men, and Gods.

" Hitherto (ſhe ſays) nothing has " been reſpected in me but a deceitful " Outſide, the Maſk of Impoſture to " excite an idolatrous Worſhip; and " the Part I am now going to play " will be as great an Impoſition—I feel " myſelf unworthy of the Honours I " am to receive. Say, ye Powers, why

" a Per-

" a Perſon of Birth can act thus incon-
" ſiſtently with itſelf? And ſay, O VE-
" NUS, why am I ſingled out to be a
" Prey to thee, and cruel Remorſe?"

Love, while the leaſt Remembrance of Reaſon diſturbs thy Empire, thy Subjects muſt be unhappy. From whence ariſe ISMENE's Agitations, but that ſhe has not as yet ſufficient Cauſe for them. Her defeated Heart feels not that it hath already yielded, after a long, but vain Reſiſtance.

" Baniſh all Fear, beautiful ISMENE,
" Honour and Love are not incompati-
" ble; they co-exiſt, and give a mu-
" tual Luſtre to each other, when war-
" ranted by a tried Faith, unſhaken
" Conſtancy, and inviolable Attach-
" ment, the genuine Criterions of privi-
" leged, and truly noble Souls.

" Love, when conducted by Pru-
" dence, can never be a Source of Con-

 " tempt;

" tempt; for on the Reverſe, divine
" Ismene, the fair one, who knows
" to love, is ſo adorable a Phœnix, that
" I would raiſe new Altars to her."

Ismenias having appeas'd the Inquietudes of his Miſtreſs by repeated Aſſurances, they launch out together; and in the Rapidity of their Thoughts already have run from Pole to Pole. Free from all Alarms, Joy ſucceeds Fear, and Pleaſure takes the Place of Joy!

Ismenias is in Return allowed all thoſe Familiarities, thoſe petty Equivalents for Love, without being the Thing; and are but a ſtarved Repreſentative. Space is confounded by the Velocity of their winged Steeds, that ſometimes overſtraining reach the Goal too ſoon. If managed Pleaſure does not hurry our Hearts into ſuch tumultuous Tranſports, it chears them with a more laſting Delight.

" Thy

"Thy Pleaſure (ſays ISMENIAS to "her) is but a Shadow of thoſe enjoyed "by perfectly united Hearts." This is the favourite Text of Lovers, and a juſt one; it aſſerts the Right of Love, who halts when alone, is ſtill in Company, but is all Action in a *Tete a Tete*.

ISMENE was pleaſed to divert the Diſcourſe on the reſpective Happineſs of Men and Women. "In my Senſe (ſays "ſhe) I think the Men enjoy more." He declared for the Women. Thus one Sex thinks the other the happier.

The intereſting Diſquiſition continued far into the Night, and farther than ISMENIAS deſired; who was at length recompenſed for Years of Attendance, by enjoying for the firſt Time, and without Reſtraint, all the Bliſs his Heart could wiſh for. The happy Union is made, they live and die alternately together.

The more intenſely PLEASURE is felt, the more ardently we pant for more.

ISMENE, amazed at what had happened, awakes as from a Dream; having at firſt intended to amuſe herſelf but with the Imagery of PLEASURE; which henceforward ſhe deſpiſes as a Paſtime only fit for Children.

Equal to all the Fires of Love, which ſeparated ſhe deems too weak, hap what may, ſhe is determined to collect, in order to enhance them. Abating ſomewhat of her Tranſport, ſhe ſighs, "No, "I ſhall never be faſhioned by any o-"ther Lover. How exceſſive muſt my "Paſſion have been, to conſent thus to "thy Diſpoſal!"

Enraptured ISMENIAS, as he ſoothed her, took all Precautions to move Attendance to her Kindneſs; ſo imperceptible and ſkilful are his Advances, and

ſo

ſo well timed his Storm: ſhe cries for Quarter—and capitulates.

What a fertile Cauſe for Laughter are the Reſolves of weak Mortals to Love; for under what other Empire can they be ſo happy?

CHAP. V.

The parting Lovers.

—WHence come thoſe Groans I hear? From yon afflicted Lover—Tears ſtream from his Eyes—He is going to be cruelly torn from the fair one he adores. Tyrannous Duty commands this young Warrior to precede his Prince to the Army. To-morrow he muſt depart, there being no Poſſibility of any further Delay; he has but one Night to dedicate to her. Even Love feels for him.

I deſpair of being able to paint their tender Adieus. As their Joys, ſo was their Sorrow common. The Tears of Anguiſh are mixed with thoſe of Pleaſure, which thereby becomes the more affecting. What indeterminate Sighs, what

what tender Regrets, what Heart-fetch'd groans; while at the ſame Time the ravished Soul is in the higheſt Tranſport! How impetuous are the Careſſes of theſe afflicted Lovers! The Delights they taſte this Moment, the next to be no more; the Anxiety that ſo perilous a Separation expoſes them to, are all expreſſed by Pleaſure, and abſorbed therein; which, as it ſerves two different Paſſions, will this Night be doubled, nay multiplied to Exceſs. Our happy Pair reſolves to intoxicate themſelves with Love, and take in Draughts ſufficient for the Reſt of Life. If their Onſet is all Fire, their Conflict is inexpreſſible. Their Senſes ſink into a balmy Oblivion, whilſt their Fancies ſtray through delicious Scenes.

The Languor that follows common Pleaſure, is here prevented by an ingenious Variety of Kindneſs. Their Souls are now intimately united. PLEASURE leaves no Part of their Frames unpartici-

pant; and not ſatisfied with the ordinary Iſſues, effuſes itſelf through every Pore, in order to be more abundantly communicated.

Thus Water bound to wind in Pipes, impatient of a too narrow Eſcape, burſts its Confinement, and ſpouts out in an hundred Parts; nor is the Force of Pleaſure leſs irreſiſtible.

How intereſting is the Converſe of thoſe Lovers! Whether they ſpeak of paſt Joys, or of Griefs to come; Pleaſure is the Conveyancer of their Sentiments, being by Patent the Heart's Intepreter. With what Tenderneſs is uttered "*ſhall "I never ſee you more?*" It kindles them with warm Deſires. Love's Congreſs is renewed! a fond Delirium reigns! they ſwim in Seas of Bliſs!

How determined and equal is the Struggle, no Part is recreant in the Combat,

bat, but all contribute their Share, and preſs eager to the Charge; which is ſucceeded by a pleaſing Melancholy, that uſhers Sleep to cloſe the extatic Scene. There undiſturbed let us leave them in the Folds of Love, who would be glad to have them pictured thus, to adorn his Cabinet at *Paphos*.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The Sleep, the Dreams, and the Awaking of Lovers.

WHilſt the Body ſleeps, Imagination is commonly awake. Her Livery conſiſts of Dreams, by whoſe Means ſhe makes the Lover, though ſealed up in Sleep, feel Pleaſure.

Thoſe lively Repreſentatives of our waking Ideas, thoſe excellent Players, who frequently act our Paſſions within us, cannot balk their Function, when the Stage is cleared, the Curtain raiſed, and every Decoration prepared that can invite them to exhibit.

The Criminal in Chains is perſecuted by cruel Tortures; the Man of Gallantry aſſiſts

aſſiſts at Balls, and all public Diverſions. The Cheat is laying Schemes to deceive, and the Coward trembles at viſionary Danger. But Innocence is never ſcared by terrifying Dreams.

See yon Infant in his Cradle, Glaſs is not ſmoother than his Face; he ſmiles in Feature; and his placid Brows are the Emblems of Tranquility. His coral Lips ſwell to invite the accuſtomed Kiſſes of his Nurſe.

Why ſhould the voluptuous be leſs happy? He did not yield himſelf up to Sleep, but was by Sleep invaded in the Embraces of Pleaſure. MORPHEUS having drenched him with the Juice of his Poppies, will ſoon make him form to himſelf the delightful Situation he has quitted with Reluctance.

Nymph, on whoſe Bolom your Swain repoſes, be cautious not to awake him, and if curious to know the Exploits of

ſleeping

ſleeping Lovers, watch his Motions. Unrivaled, in every Act and Word you will ſtill be his favourite Object. In the Torrent of Tenderneſs his Sighs are all for you. If he ſpeak to you, anſwer him, but ſoftly; do not offer to join Iſſue, that would awake, let him effect it all.

Figure to yourſelf the Tranſports his Soul enjoys, and at the ſame Time remember that the Imagination of the Sleeping is more pictureſque than that of thoſe who wake. Conſider in what a divine Light you appear to him. Enjoy in a ſerene and unconſtrained Reflection his Sweep of Bliſs; nor dare diſturb, but rather yield yourſelf to the Sweets of Reſt.

Think not you about the Return of Day, that will be your Lover's Care. Soon as he awakes, he ſurveys his ſleeping VENUS with Eyes of Devotion; every Part receives particular Homage.

He

He ſeems to be in a World of new created Excellence. His Sight dazzled with the bewitching Variety, cannot be ſatisfied, nor knows where to fix.

The Senſe of ſeeing fatigued, muſt be relieved by that of feeling. How his ſenſitive Fingers fly over the velvet Tapis; Lambkins do not bound ſo lightly on the tender Graſs in Spring, nor does a Swallow glide more ſmoothly on the Water. Now with expanded Hand he ſkims along the poliſhed Surface, which reſpectfully ſtops, as it draws near the magic Zone.

Deſire is kindled by thoſe Provocatives; he ſighs, ſuſpended over a thouſand Charms, that unitedly attract him. He heſitates awhile in tender Contemplation, and his Kiſſes, ſoft as a Southern Wind, can't diſturb her Reſt; no Noiſe, no Whiſper, no tender Apellation is heard: He means to ſteal a March, and ſurpriſe the Citadel of Love.

His

His Meaſures, however well concerted, are in vain; watchful Nature alarms her Heart. It is now Time to awake, fair Nymph, your Admirer can wait no longer. Open your bright Eyes, and receive the Compliments of the Morning. "Awake, my dear, 'tis thy own Hy-"LAS calls, who loves thee more than "Life". How indulgent is his Kindneſs to her half-awakened Charms! She is in a Trance of Bliſs. Thus its peculiar Happineſs attends on every State of Life.

Profeſt Voluptuaries, Love loſes nothing by the Oaths you make. Swear Fidelity to your Miſtreſs, then riſe, and away. The more the Regret you may have to leave her, the ſpeedier muſt be your Exit: wait not the tender aſſailing of Beauty in Tears for a departing Lover, once more be gone, nor by over-ſtaying your Time provoke ſuperfluous Deſires. Forced

Plea-

Pleaſures defeat their own Intent. Reflect, that you ſhall ſee her again; and if not, that Love, whoſe Empire is univerſal and provides for all his Votaries, will point you out ſome other Nymph, fairer, perhaps, and more deſirable.

Departing Lovers, let your Farewels to your Miſtreſſes be tender, impaſſioned, fraught with thoſe new Charms kind Sadneſs gives; improve ſomewhat on Nature, but do not overleap her Bounds. Let the Temperament, backed by Fondneſs, make a laſt Effort. How welcome is an unforeſeen Reſource in the very Moment of quitting, when ſtreaming Tears on both Sides warrant their mutual Anguiſh, and Fidelity; being the Marks, and Term of their Happineſs.

Voluptuaries of every Age, who would unite the Myrtle of VENUS to the Poppies of MORPHEUS, copy my Warrior; fear neither the Capriciouſneſs of a Belle juſt awaking, nor her want of Sentiment:

If

If the Rendezvous be well judged, and the Hearts in Intelligence with each other, FLORA will not be behind Hand in taſting the united Sweets of Sleep and Love. Be you a prudent Oeconomiſt of the Pleaſures you communicate; and by the nice Art of ſpinning them, you will meet thoſe of the ſleeping Fair; and then conclude, that if Night Encounters be more animated, thoſe of the Morning are more benign.

As the Sun breaks by Degrees through thick Clouds that had obſcured his golden Rays, ſo FLORA's brilliant Spirit imperceptibly emerges from the Drowſineſs of Sleep. Let her awaking be juſtly graduated, as if by the Sounds of ſoft Muſic; and make her riſe through all the Nuances that ſeparate the gentle from the violent: But it muſt be your Buſineſs, ingenious Artiſt, to wind her up to this; aſcend by Degrees to Pleaſure's Summit, through preliminary Joys.

Un-

Unveil, behold, ſurvey, content your greedy Eyes, as Isse's Lover did.

But do not aſſail ſo ſoon. Whence the Neceſſity? Recoil a little, and view anew the Wonders you have ſeen. With a kind Jealouſy raiſe here, and there, the embracing Gauze, that would fain hide ſo many Charms from you.

Happy Pygmalion views before him a breathing Statue, into which he burns to infuſe the Intenſity of Life. Already her ſnowy Forehead, ſparkling Eyes, roſy Cheeks, the ruby Mouth, where Love reſides, the Alabaſter Neck, around which young Deſires ſport, have been ſaluted.

Flora ſeems to have received Senſibility from the balmy Breath of her new Zephyrus. I ſee her quivering Lips gently move towards yours. She ſtretches her lovely Arms with an inviting Languor, not meerly ſubſequent to her

her awaking. Her Hands, like yours, begin to ſtray whither inſtinctive Love directs.

She is more awake than aſleep, more pleaſingly affected, than violently agitated. It is therefore Time to proceed to Movements that will yield as kind Returns as ſhe.——FLORA on her Side prays,——gently—ah gently—THIRSIS——why this Hurry?

Indolence gives Way; through her bright Eyes, now half opened, ſhe receives a Flaſh of Bliſs from yours, by which inſpirited, ſhe calls——Now——Now——O haſte——The Court of Love is ready, and waits but you.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

The Advantages enjoyed by the Votaries of PLEASURE.

HOW great, ye Powers, are the Joys of Love! Without it there are none. Thrice happy are thoſe vigorous Deſcendants of ALCIDES, in whoſe Veins luxuriate all the Fires of CYTHEREA, and of LAMPSACUS, Enjoyment is to them one of the craving Neceſſities of Life; yet happier ſtill than they are thoſe, whoſe lively Imagination feaſts them with a Fore-Reliſh to Bliſs, and keeps their Hearts always ſtrung to the Uniſon of PLEASURE. Their joyful Days glide cloudleſs, nor from their Eyes can you determine whether they are going to taſte, or have riſen from the Banquet of Love.

Love. If the Preludes are exciting, the Sequel is not leſs entertaining.

Unalienable Subjects to Pleaſure——They are thrifty in managing their Treaſures, over which they dwell as a fond Mother over her young ones, ſhe is afraid to loſe.

CLIMENE has ſcarce finiſhed her Devotion to CYTHEREA; and begins to talk already——Provoking Wanton!

In the extatic Criſis of Bliſs their Souls ſeem transfuſed from the loving to the beloved, and are by the Energy of mutual Paſſion identified. But however exquiſite thoſe Raptures are, there is ſtill an higher Degree in the ſucceeding Calm. Then the Heart enjoys at Leiſure what it hurried over before, and accounts for its own Tranſports: Its Situation reflected in the Mirrour of Pleaſure, it contemplates with as much Complacency, as ADONIS did his Figure.

Happy

Happy Moments of amorous Intoxication! O learn to last a little longer; nor escape so soon from Hearts entirely devoted to you!

CHAP. VIII.

The Adventures of THEMIRA.

LET none approach, nor disturb the Happiness I possess; dissolved into an extatic Lethargy, I scarce can open my Eyes sealed up by Love. Delicious Languor!——Do I wake, or do I dream? Happy SYBARITE! methinks I sink into a Bed of Roses. In what voluptuous Liquid are my Senses steeped! Rapturous Inchantment! THEMIRA still is mine; I see, I hold her in the Bands of Love: I leave no Part unhonoured with a Kiss.——Ye Gods, what Attraction! The fair Illusion deserves real Homage, may it ever be my Lot,

Absent to hear her, see her absent Charms,
And always dream I clasp her in my Arms.

Beauty's Image is equivalent to itself, and sometimes more seducive.

Joyous

Joyous Remembrance of paſt Pleaſures never forſake me! paſt, did I ſay? no, no. O Love, I feel anew your powerful Preſence, and all its kind Effects; I conclude the Soul to be immortal, from the Divinity of her Pleaſures.

Permit me, fair THEMIRA, to trace anew the moſt trifling Incidents, when you firſt hearkened to the Whiſperings of Love.

How Heart-winning was the Conflict of Virtue, Eſteem, and Love! To thoſe jarring Emotions ſucceeded others, which, though of a more ſoothing Nature, did not give you leſs Inquietude. CUPID prevailed at laſt, your Eyes conſentingly cloſed in humble Veneration of the victorious Deity; Strength and Reaſon had deſerted their Charge. Unknowing of what was to enſue, an innocent Timidity enhanced your Charms, and my Fondneſs. You feared you were going to die away, in the very Moment you

ſhed ſweeter, than your former Tears. What Variety of Bliſs, what ſoothing Intervals, what Impetuoſity of Delight!

Ye jealous Powers, reſpect the Wanderings of THEMIRA, who ſcorns any Reſerve with the Object of her Idolatry; this is the *Apotheoſis* of Beauty: by which it ſoars above Mortality; nor have the Powers of Love any Exiſtence but in our Pleaſure.

No Pencil, but PETRONIUS'S, can paint that firſt Night.

"It bars all Words, and cuts Deſcription ſhort".

If the Pleaſures of the Body are ſo intenſe, what muſt thoſe of the Soul be? I mean thoſe tender Affections, thoſe Refinements of Taſte, with which the Soul imbued thinks more nobly of herſelf, and deſires nothing more. How eminently happy are Hearts penetrated with ſuch Sentiments! I ſwear, by Love, they are; I ſaw my THEMIRA in one

of

of thoſe exalting Moments, when her Soul emancipated from mortal *Pleaſures*, ſpurned Acts of Worſhip, ſeldom rejected at the Shrines of VENUS.

All enraptured, ſhe cries aloud, "Say, "ye Immortals, what new Exiſtence is "this I enjoy? I never knew Love had "this transforming Power before—— "O let me enjoy in Peace, and without "Mixture, my new and happy Being. "Low Pleaſure deſtroys ſuperior Hap"pineſs".

I gazed on THEMIRA with all the Tenderneſs ſhe had inſpired me with. From Exceſs of Love her Eyes were dewed with Tears, which thence appeared more inticing; her amorous Melancholy was accompanied with an Effuſion of Fondneſs. She awoke into Life, and all its Functions by Degrees. We gave warmer, but not leſs affectionate, Proofs of our Paſſion—— "O, no, ſays THE"MIRA, your Heart does not feel like

 "mine.

" mine. Ah! why are we animated but " by one Soul?"

Twice had CUPID approved the Sacrifice I made him. The kind THEMIRA thought every Moment to have reached the Goal; but finding it to fly before her, and teazed in the Purſuit, ſhe muttered with Indignation, " Muſt " I then undergo the Fate of TANTA- " LUS in Pleaſure?

Who in ſuch Situations can refuſe concurring to ſatisfy his beloved? By participating, Pleaſure is encreaſed.

A third Act of Devotion to VENUS and her Son appeaſed THEMIRA's flutried Spirits. Inſtead of diſmiſſing (with gentleſt Movements) ſhe now ſolicits Love.

THEMIRA ſeeing Paſſion painted in my Eyes, and how warmly I intereſted myſelf in every Article that gave her

Plea-

Pleaſure, exerted herſelf not to act unworthy of the generous Example I ſet her. Animated by the ſame God that had inſpired me, ſhe cries, "Now, now, "let us join Hearts; who can bear the "Thought of ſurviving the other? No, "no, let us die together".

So ingenious a Miſtreſs can never fail of Adoration; I ſhall never ceaſe to love her; ſhe wants neither the Youth of HEBE, nor the Beauty of the VENUS of *Praxiteles*, to merit Worſhip; her own Deſert ſuffices.

THEMIRA on her Side is alſo ſatisfied. Her Lover is a conſummate Maſter in the Art of Pleaſing, and glories in having a Heart different from all others; one ever amorous, always complacent: that beats but for her. His Will, his Soul is hers. He never murmurs at any undeſerved Severity ſhe may impoſe. For how many Years did all his Happineſs

conſiſt in meer Kiſſes, Touchings, and Careſſes.

If, on one Hand, no Liberties ought ever to diſguſt, and wean the Lover from his beloved; or ſuſpend the Celebration of thoſe tender Ceremonies he has contracted to perform: ſo, on the other, no Motive ſhould ever make him ſwerve from the Allegiance he has ſworn to the Sovereign of his Heart.

Be cautious, Fair Ones, whom ye truſt; from their generous Proceeding only ye can judge of your Lovers' Hearts. Beware of thoſe who, regardleſs of what Inconveniencies may accrue to you, would ſtorm your Affections, and violate your Prudence. Inſtead of enraptured Lovers they are but impetuous Deceivers, and ſet no Value on yourſelves.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

How the Senſes contribute to the Enjoyment of PLEASURE.

LET us now examine how each Senſe adminiſters to our Pleaſure. Ideal Beauty for being embodied loſes not her Graces. The fineſt Sight in the World is a beautiful Woman; ſhe is pictured in our Eyes, through them her Image is conveyed to the Soul: delightful Image! that in the moſt charming Colour accompanies us every where, and is a perpetual Source of amorous Deſires. Without this tranſparent Mirrour, this admirable Organ, whereon the World is painted in Epitome, we ſhould never know that bewitching Syren we are ſo often, and ſo pleaſingly captivated by; that can embelliſh whatever Object ſhe pleaſes.

her Her brilliant Pictures beguile our Lamentels, making the beloved and abſent Fair appear; this is *Imagination's* Triumph. Her all-ſeeing Eye retroſpects on what is paſt, and anticipates Futurity. By its Faculty Objects are drawn near, and repreſented in the moſt ſtriking Colours. By this the Voluptuous repeats Enjoyment. Though I cannot explain how ſhe blends and employs thoſe Colours in forming ſuch enchanting Illuſions, I can aſſert, that the Pleaſures of Imagination yield not to the Reality.

Without the Organ of Hearing we ſhould never know the Charms of Converſation, or the Harmony of inſtrumental and vocal Muſic.

Without the Faculty of Smelling I ſhould never have been delighted with the Perfume of Flowers, or of CEPHISA.

Without the Sense of Feeling no Joy would result from touching the smoom Satin of a snowy Skin; the clinging of Lips would be insipid, and all the Artillery of Kisses ineffectual.

Those Joys ever young, those sportive Amusements of Love, that change Hours into Moments, would never more affect our Hearts; the divine Part of us would prove useless to the Hand, or the most active Organ of Humanity. The Rosy-lipp'd Mouth would no longer feel the Power of Sympathy.

No longer would be known the harmonious Concord of ingenuously united Souls. Unsolicited would be those Charms of your's, CEPHISA; which I now worship to Idolatry. No unforeseen Resources then, nor Miracles to revive despair'd of Service.

While others sing the Pleasures of the Bottle, I, by Preference, celebrate those

of Love; and, in order to ſucceed, invoke ANACREON's Shade from the bliſsful Bowers of *Elyſium*; wherever vernant Meads and flowery Gardens are the Reſidence of thoſe Souls, that had been bleſſed on Earth with the double Talent of being happy themſelves, and of making others ſo. The illuſtrious Shade appears, an elegant Garland on his Head; Flowers inſtantly ſpring up where he has trod. Say, great Maſter of the voluptuous School, what this Philter is, how it operates? By what wonderful Change are our Souls and Bodies mutually immixed through Strainers of Bliſs? Explain how our Spirits are transfuſed, and flow through every Vein to the Center of Extaſy, the Heart. Do they repair thither to ſeek Happineſs ſublimed by all the Energy of Sentiment? Whence ariſes, O anſwer, this extatic, but too ſhort, Metempſychoſis of our Souls, and Bodies?

Magic

Magic Charms, attractive Force of Pleasure, unrevealed Mysteries of CYPRIS remain for ever hidden from common Lovers. But let every Sense of mine be full of you, that I may adequately paint the Happiness you give, and to which all others are subordinate. Its powerful Sway is known by those delicious Symptoms. The Speech, Sight, Hearing, and Thought, are so disturbed in their several Offices, that they yield an entire Possession to the most lively Sentiments, which absorbing the Soul and Senses, suspend the Functions of our Oeconomy.

The vain and haughty Goddess Reason, sooner or later subdued, owns Love's despotic Power; and concurs with the Senses to administer to its Pleasures.

By those Effects the Presence of Love is known. Who is then so impious as not to properly revere the most impor-

tant

tant Action of Nature, by which we exist, multiply our Species, and Generations are renewed? All other Actions are but Distractions from this main one, necessary indeed, may sometimes advisable; with this Proviso, that they never appear at the Celebration of Love's Mysteries.

O Venus, how few know how to appreciate thy Favours? how few know the Self Regard they ought to have in the Arms of Pleasure? Those capable of Distraction in such happy Moments; those to whom your Pleasures are not all they wish for in this World, are as unworthy of the Name of thy Elect, as of thy Favours.

Pleasure, like Nature, has its Climax; and ascending, or descending, passes not one step over. The Summit gained, she is affected by an amorous Catalepsie, unknown to the profanedly debauched, and never felt but by orthodox Voluptuaries.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

An Alarm from MODESTY.

HOW yon virtuous Nymph trembles as CUPID leads her by the Hand, towards her Lover's Bed! She swoons in the Arms of amorous SYLVANDER, who expires alternately in hers.

Prudence in her Happiness she moderates its Degrees so well, that their mutual Sighs only are confused. She is diffident of all the Artifices of Love; whom, notwithstanding his Deityship, she knows to be a Deceiver.

Her Love is dearer to her than any other Consideration. She might, doubtless, have satisfied all pleasurable Curiosity, by joining Issue with SYLVANDER.

She

She thinks all ſhe can do for, nothing, unleſs done with him. She refuſes him to him than to herſelf; but ſhe dreads the fruitful Conſequences of unwarrantable Love, and obeys the Phantom's Voice, that bids her to reſpect herſelf.

Although her Tenderneſs be as ſtrong as that of any Heart unpracticed in Love, yet the Fear of Infamy prevails. Powerful Deity! ſhall a weak Mortal, that ſeemed ſo prone to thy Pleaſures, and juſt in the Moment to receive, remember what deters her from them? they alone ought to engroſs her Thoughts.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Paſtoral Love.

LET us now view Pleaſure unaſſiſted by Art in her rural Retreats; there Eclogue on her homely Pipe, celebrates the undiſguiſed Paſſion of enamoured Shepherds.

THIRSIS exults to ſee his Flocks feed with thoſe of SYLVANIRA, being the Emblem of their united Hearts. Love has made her beautiful, and deſignedly ſo for him. Should ſhe ever prove inconſtant, his Death would be the Conſequence.

Here Elegy in Tears teazes the neighbouring Ecchos, with the Complaints and Groans of a deſpairing Lover. He has loſt his all, in loſing her he loves.

The

The, to others chearing, Light of Day, is to him unwelcome; he calls aloud on Death, and expostulates with Nature for his Loss.

But hear himself, as well as Sighs permit, express the Cause of his Grief. His fair one, not like others totally forsaken by MODESTY, as yet retained some Charms from her, with which she was accompanied in the Midst of strongest Excitements. Before her Acquaintance with THYRSIS, SYLVANIRA knew not Love.

He remembers with Transport the first Impression his Passion made on her, which appeared in Joys mixed with a fond Anxiety, at Emotions till then unknown. How many Years of distant Respect before he could dare to declare his Passion, and when he had declared, Gods, how he trembled

She

She soon understood his Meaning; the pompous Names of Sympathy and Friendship could not impose on her; she knew Love, though masked, and his Intention to deceive her. Perhaps, unwittingly she helped this Deity, to inspire our honest Swain with as much Confidence, as she had assumed to herself from his too awful Respect.

In THYRSIS' Sense to be thought worthy of SYLVANIRA's Affections was preferable to the Enjoyment of them: Mutual Love was to his delicate Heart the first Degree of Happiness, without which all the others are nothing.

Sincerity of Sentiments was the Cement of their Passions; and a Candidness of Soul the heightener of their Affections. They were never guilty of any other Excess, than of Complacency, and Love to each other; the genuine Happiness of Hearts.

Weep

Weep (ſince Tears are ſometimes pleaſing) diſconſolate Shepherd. Hearts in Love find a Kind of Charm in their Sorrow; they indulge their Sadneſs, and in a pleaſing Melancholy taſte Sweets eſtranged from turbulent Joys. Why refuſe them this, their only Comfort, to beguile their Solitude?

A Day will come, young Shepherd, when entirely comforted, thou ſhalt have no other Regret than that of not feeling thy Loſs. Therefore treaſure up Sorrow now, as you would be happy hereafter; for, when once you loſe it, you will fall from your ſuperior Exiſtence in Love, and be ranked among common Beings.

CHAP. XII.

The PRUDE.

WHY, adorable ZAIDE, hſt thyſelf in the ridiculous Claſs of PRUDES, who art by Nature otherwiſe? Why does the Idea of me obtain more from you, than in Reality I can? I plead guilty to your Imagination, and confeſs myſelf to be ſuch as you ſuppoſe me, a *Man*. I ſwear by your bright Eyes, that you have nothing more to fear with the Original, than with the Copy. This is wantonly loſing ſubſtantial Bliſs to embrace a Cloud, as IXION did.

Baniſh all idle Surmiſes, fear neither Indiſcretion nor Inconſtancy from me. Your own Charms ſuffice to inſure me to you. Since our Hearts have been made for each other, let kind Sympathy bind them for ever. How

How absurd is it in us, weak Mortals, to think there can be any Happiness destitute of the Gifts of VENUS? Whatever Pains may have been taken to imagine such, CUPID spurns them. Let us dread the Anger of so formidable a Power.

Come then, dear ZAIDE, come to your own DAMETAS. Say candidly, do you not feel somewhat wanting, an inexplicable Void in your present State? Be assured there is no other Way to fill it, but with Love. Why were those Lillies given to your Complexion?—that your Lover might kindle them into Roses. The Empire of FLORA is submitted to that of Love.

The Day will come when you shall repent for your not having loved, were it even an inconstant Heart. How inconsolably will you then regret all those heavenly Days crawled through in cold In-

Indifference; which let slip, adieu for

Rapid as Wind,
Time flies away,
And leaves no Track behind;
Enjoy,
You may,
Love's Holiday;
Which lost:
You ne'er shall find.

Behold this Myrtle, short liv'd it soon shall fade, but makes the best Use of its short Duration; is not coy to the Careless of FLORA, or kind inhaling of Zephyrus. Let us, O ZAIDE, imitate it in every Thing; and as its Life is the Emblem of ours for Duration, let it be so for the Enjoyment of it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

The COQUETTE.

WHY run from me, pretty Wanton?——I call young CHLOE in vain; nor can I overtake her——She and her Charms are already hid from me——But ſoft, my Soul, is not this a Sort of amorous Challenge? Is it not a favourite Fineſſe of Coquettes to hide themſelves in order to be ſought for?

In thoſe amorous Sports ſo well depicted by VIRGIL, the Artifices and Coquetry of Love are diſplayed. When you think to ſeize him on roſy Lips, ſenſible of his being naked of Defence there, he flies to ſhelter for Safety. Now niched in a Ringlet of CHLOE's Hair, he yields to the kind Impulſe of ZEPHY-

RUS, and ſportfully hops from Shoulder to Shoulder.

How I love to ſee him, wearied with flying like a Bird from Lillies to Roſes, from Ivory to Coral, and then light on CHLOE's beauteous Boſom. Vain is your Attempt to catch him there; he is already gone. Whither fled? In what Place is he hid? wherever Beauty reſides. He has indeed a laſt Retreat; his favourite Stop: Which he neſtles on; as the fond Linnet does over her young ones.

There purſue him cloſe—Behold he aſks for Quarter, but in ſuch a Manner, as ſhews, that he deſires it not. He retires to this bliſsful Bower to ſhew his Empire is not unlimited, and that he is never better pleaſed, than when ſurpriſed: Becauſe then he can plead an Excuſe for his Defeat.

CHAP. XIV.

The THEATRES.

THE Opera Houſe is Pleaſure's moſt magnificent Temple, and the moſt frequented by what is called the beſt Company. Let us repair thither. Now, ſee all the Elegance of Dancing revealed by thoſe two contraſted and celebrated Performers. In the one, what Agility, what Force, what Preciſion. Pleaſure, accompanied with Jollity and Smiles, conſtantly eſcort her. The others' Movements cauſe leſs Amazement, but inſinuate themſelves deeper into our Favour. Every Step is meaſured by the Graces, and guided by Love; what an eaſy and enchanting Deportment! The one ſhines by Sprightlineſs and Novelty. The other is imperceptibly winning, and inimitable. If the one merit to preſide over the

the Nymphs; the other deſerves to lead the Dance of the Graces.

Bewitching Art! what Heart ſo hard as to be inſenſible to the eloquent Delicacy of thy Movements? at the cadenced Elevation, and ſymmetrized Diſplay of beautiful Arms, each Eye looks Rapture, and every Heart bounds Applauſe.

Modern TERPSICHORES with Pleaſure I behold your different Claims to the publick's Eſteem. In one, the Graces are ſubordinate to Art; in the other the Graces prevail: Amiable Rivals, what would the Ballets of APOLLO be, if not adorned with your excellent Performance!

But hark—The Force of Muſic invades us. Is the God of Harmony deſcended on Earth? what Variety of Sounds expreſſive of Joy, Grief, &c, that ſway human Hearts, which Way they pleaſe, as ORPHEUS did of old?

The tragic Muſe delights me next. I am pleaſed to feel with MEROPE all a Parent's Anxiety for an only Son, the Hope of Empire, and expoſed to imminent Danger. I never can forget thee tender JULIET, whoſe Heart was made for Love, and always view thee with ROMEO's Eyes. Unfortunate Pair, deſerving of a better Fate. Why ſhould ſo pure a Paſſion as yours be thwarted by vulgar Prejudices, your Hearts ſoared emulous above.

CHAP. XV.

The Enjoyments of the Table, and good Fellowſhip.

TO proceed with Order, the Pleaſures of the Table ſucceed to public Diverſions. The Voluptuary knows how to chuſe his Gueſts, who muſt be in Uniſon with him; that is, ſenſual, delicate, amiable: Rather jocoſe and humo-

rous,

rous, than quaintly ſmart. He never admits to be of his Party, a troubleſome Story-Teller, nor learnedly tedious Diſſertators, nor wrangling Politicians, nor profeſt Wits, whoſe ſole Aim is to ſhine above others, and not to contribute to the general Satisfaction. He does not mean thereby to exclude happy Conceits, or lively Sallies: But over all bids Feſtivity preſide, and Joy, the Herald of Pleaſure, wanton in every Eye, as Heart-gladdening Champaign ſparkles in their Glaſſes.

The Glutton crammed, and out of Breath before the firſt Service is over, knows no farther Deſire. The Voluptuary taſtes of every Diſh, takes indeed but a little of each; thus by ſaving himſelf in particulars, he profits of the whole.

Comus directs his Kitchen, and ſly Venus knows with what Ingredients to ſeaſon his Diſh. While others haſtily ſwallow their Champaign, he judiciouſly

ſpins out his Glaſs, as he does all his other Pleaſures.

He is peculiarly fond of thoſe precious *Tete a Tetes*, where Elbows on the Table, and Legs joined underneath, the Eyes but weakly expreſs the Language of the Heart.

Beautiful IRIS, fill a Bumper; whether your Admirer be made ſleepy or excited by it; from the Table to Bed is not far. The Champaign he has quaffed, will this Night be elixired by Love, and gratefully returned where due.

Never hinder BACCHUS from ſettling his Accounts with MORPHEUS, if you do, he never makes but a ſhort Journey in Conſequence. Goddeſs of CYPRUS, I know full well what Sacrifice your powerful Influence deſerves. Every Thing has its proper Seaſon, therefore IRIS be adviſed, and never awake your Lover.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

The Voluptuary displayed.

LET us ſurvey the Voluptuary in every Circumſtance, whether diſcourſing, walking, reading, thinking, &c. He diſtinguiſhes Pleaſure from Happineſs, as the Odour from the Flower that exhales it; or muſical Sounds from the Inſtrument that yields them. Thus he defines Debauchery; *an Exceſs of mis-judged Happineſs*: And thus Pleaſure, *the Spirit and Quinteſſence of well choſen Happineſs*; which he knows how to huſband with Art, and enhance by Sentiment.

He is not accountable for People's having more Deſires than are neceſſary. Pleaſure reſembles the aromatic Spirit of Plants, of which we take no more than we inhale. And this is the Reaſon why

the rational Voluptuary is always attentive to the ſecret Voice of his expanding Senſes. That on one Hand he may better diſtinguiſh the Summons of genuine Pleaſure; and on the other, that the Senſes may be the better prepared to receive it. But if they are not ſo diſpoſed, he religiouſly abſtains from Provocatives of any Kind; becauſe they would deſtroy his boaſted Art; the Philoſophy of Happineſs.

As Nature new dreſſes herſelf in Spring, let us do ſo too—let our Hearts be robed in the Enamel of Meadows, and green Gaiety of the Fields. Let our Imaginations be enwreathed with thoſe Flowers, that ſmile Invitation to us. Fair Maids, adorn your Boſoms with them; it is for that they bloom: But at the ſame Time be ſure to take more Love than Flowers, and let yourſelves be led by Affection to Pleaſure, and prove not deaf to the Voice of Nature, that ſpeaks to you through all her

Works

Works. See those young Birds, although but newly fledged, their Wings waft them to Love. What makes ZEPHYR wanton among yon Leaves? Love! even the Flowers connubiate; and the officious Winds are their Love-Commissioners.

Say, kind CORINNA, who are so rich in Sentiment; if in enjoying Pleasure, Instinct participates more than the Mind: Does not the Mind relish it better than Instinct can?

How many Charms our Voluptuary finds in a Nosegay! is Love concealed among the Flowers that compose it? HILARIO thinks he smells him there, and would fain introduce him by a new way to his Heart. But from whence those Raptures? The Nosegay had been in MARIA's Bosom; she in Return receives one from him, which he views with jealous Eyes. It now adorns the Throne of Charms. He envies its too happy Situation.

Pain is an Age, Pleaſure but a Moment, therefore the convaleſcent Voluptuary ſays, "Let us enjoy it with Oeconomy". As he recovers, a Review of the Univerſe tranſports him, like the happy Bee he taſtes of every Flower, and is regaled with every Perfume. A Table elegantly ſerved new whets his Appetite; and exquiſite Wines flatter his reviving Palate. He feels again the Power of Beauty; nay, the firſt Country PHYLLIS he ſees, is to him a favourite Sultana; the very Miracle of Beauty.

He meets his former Acquaintance LESBIA, and ſwears her Predeceſſor in Charms was not ſo much loved by CATULLUS as ſhe is by him. "Wanton as ever, I find, my frolickſome "Laſs. Will you never reſtrain your "Inclination to Gallantry, but be always "beforehand with Deſire. Surrender "already? O fie. A decent Reſiſtance gives

" gives a new Zeſt to what you are ido-
" latrous of."

Pleaſure has its Light and Shade; the latter is to me, and to all inamorato Connoiſſeurs, the more eligible, as it permits many tender Toyings. Day is an Enemy to.

He chuſes for his Walks thoſe Places moſt beautified by Nature. There among purling Streams, fanning Zephyrs, and ſinging Birds, the exhaling Flowers inſpirit him with their Odours. If alone, he amuſes himſelf with the Lecture of PRIOR, HAMMOND, and other Authors, from the Library of Love; which he quits to go in Search of a favourite Dryad, that has given the ſignal Laugh to him, from among the Trees. The *Fauns* behold his Happineſs with an envious Leer.

Anſwer me, Monarchs of this World, can the laboured Symphonies that re-

found in your gorgeous Palaces excite ſuch Joys as theſe?

Our Hero is always the firſt at a Rendezvous, and waits the coming of his Goddeſs with a reverential Silence, attentive to every Noiſe that may intimate her Approach.—But ſee—JULIA comes—his Anxiety is cured.

Now ſhe repoſes on a Bed of Flowers. He bids the Birds to ceaſe their Songs, the Rivulets to ſtop their Babling, and enjoins Silence on all Nature. How enchanting is ſhe in the Folds of Sleep! he dwells on each Charm with Eyes of Adoration. Chear her MORPHEUS with moſt pleaſing Dreams, which awaking ſhe may realiſe.

Should I live to regret the Loſs of Youth and Vigour, what a cruel Plight muſt my poor Heart be in? void of Affection, unfeeling of Deſire, what ſupplemental Arts can then relieve my

Pain

Pain? none alas? If reduced to that invalid State, grant me pitying Powers, from Time to Time, ſome faint Inkling of what I have been, which will be as chearing to me, as to harraſſed Mariners is the Morning Star.

Can Pleaſure ever prove ſo ungrateful as to forſake a Man who has ſacrificed every Thing to it. Return me back thoſe Days ſpent in your Service, and I'll devote them to you again, and again.

How much happier than I is yon Peach-Tree, to which Nature is a kind Parent, to me a cruel Step-mother. A prolific Zephyr having impregnated the Air, the Tree is warmed with new Life, and gradually bloſſoms into Flowers, productive of moſt excellent Fruit. How many Springs have you been thus revived, and how many Renewals yet remain? Man, alas, has but one Spring. But ſince unavailing Lamentations cannot alter the Chain of Things

let

let us make the moſt of the little Time we have to ſtay.

To form a compleat Voluptuary, a ſound unprejudiced Mind and a ſound Body are requiſite, becauſe they make him fond of Life. Enamoured of Nature he admires her various Beauties, ſetting a proper Value upon each. His Heart is never infected by the Poiſon of Diſguſt, or Loathing.

Superior to Fortune and her Capriciouſneſs, he is every Thing to himſelf; nor knows any Ambition but that of being happy. A true Scholar of Epicurus, Thunder cannot alarm, nor Death affright him.

Although the Trees loſe their Verdure and their Leaves, he ſtill preſerves his Paſſion. When Rivers are chained with Ice, and the Earth deep frozen, there is a Summer-Warmth in his Heart.

Is he with his DELIA? Winds, Rain, wintry Storms, warring Elements, inſtead of marring, you heighten the Joys of our modern TIBULLUS. If the Surface of the Sea be calm and unruffled, he looks on it as an Emblem of that Peace, which ſhould ever ſubſiſt between them. But if outrageous Hurricanes cauſe wild Commotions there, and (as our unrivalled Maſter of Expreſſion ſays)

" The yeſty Billows ſwallow Navigation up. "

The frightful Tempeſt cannot diſturb him, while DELIA continues kind.

He makes every Object concur to his Happineſs; the Spring's gay Livery delights him, its Colour is ſo gentle and friendly to the Eye. The riſing and ſetting Sun he views with Admiration; and their varied Decorations, inimitable by the Painter's Art, however excellent.

With leſs Wonder but more Delight he enjoys the Moon's ſilver Light, to

grateful

grateful Travellers a kind Subſtitute for the bright Orb that rules the Day. He ſmiles to the Stars that ſparkle ſo brilliantly from the azure Vault.

If his Days be happy; happier ſtill are thoſe bliſsful Nights which have ſo many peculiar Advantages. They inſpire pleaſing Reveries, and invite to Walk by the Twilight in the Grove. Is DELIA there? he aſks no more. She is the Univerſe to him.

CHAP. XVII.

The Aberrations of PLEASURE.

THE foremoſt of the illuſtrious Wanderers from the direct Paths of Pleaſure is *Grecian* SAPPHO! —Why idly ſtrive to repreſent the other Sex and neglect the Office of your own? Was ever ſo capricious a Deſire to change? you forſake what you may have, in queſt of that you never can. Nature diſclaims

the

the Part you act! How much better would these admirable Verses of yours have been addressed from one of our Sex to a favourite Nymph, than from you.

I.

Blest as the Immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
Who hears, and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest,
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast;
For while I gaz'd in transports toss't,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost.

III.

My Bosom glow'd, the subtle Flame
Ran quick through all my vital Frame;
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung;
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

IV.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd;
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd;
My feeble Pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and died away. *

* Despairing to give a better, I thought it safest, and best to present my Readers with this old justly admired Translation of SAPPHO's Ode.

The

The ſecond Claſs of deviating Culprits, are thoſe, who kindled by libidinous Thoughts, or a view of others Happineſs, practice on themſelves. How enrapturedly they peep at the myſterious Rites; and the more they are unwilling to diſturb the Prieſts in their Performance: The more they feel themſelves impelled to ſimilar Acts of Devotion. Too ſtrong an Inclination to repreſent the Field of Battle prevails; and tingling Fingers ſtray to illicit Pleaſure: But an Eſſay of ſocial, will be a ſufficient Cure againſt all ſuch niggard, and ſolitary Joys.

The laſt Claſs are thoſe whom VENUS holds in utter Deteſtation. At the very Mention of them CNIDUS, CYTHERA, and PAPHOS are alarmed.

The handſome Youth GITO, receives in compliment for his Beauty the ſwifteſt Courſer of *Macedon*. — "*That Nature* "*erring from herſelf!*" Yet the elegant PETRONIUS exhauſts his Art in ſo vile a Cauſe.

But

But as undepraved Humanity abominates the Crime; ſo Decency forbids any Comment on it.

Concluſion, to MODESTY.

THESE are then thy Boaſts, and theſe thy Triumphs imperious CUPID, and ſeducive VENUS, to miſlead fallen Mankind from Truth to Error, and make them forego real Happineſs to catch at illuſive Shadows; whoſe diſſolute Purſuit, by enervating, diſqualifies them from the ſuperior Enjoyments of the Mind; and virtuous Exertions of the Heart.

As unqueſtionable Merit is always accompanied by MODESTY; ſo the refined, the only, to a rational Being, deſirable Pleaſures of Love, are never to be found but where ſhe preſides. Therefore Libertines of both Sexes, your licentious Worſhip is the Idolatry of Vice, productive of Infamy, and Repentance.

Would

Would ye be truly happy; recant from the lewd Doctrine of VENUS and of CUPID: By reciting the following Lines proclaim your Converſion.

" Hail MODESTY, fair female Honour hail,
" Beauty's chief Ornament, and Beauty's Self,
" For Beauty muſt with Virtue ever dwell
" And thou art Virtue! and without thy Charms
" Beauty diſguſts, and Wit is inſolent.
" Thou giv'ſt the Smile its Grace, the melting Kiſs
" To thrill voluptuous to the fainting Soul,
" Alaſs too tenderly! and but for thee
" The very Raptures of the lawful Bed
" Were Outrage, and foul Riot, Rites obſcene,
" Celeſtial Maid!"

ŒCONOMY OF LOVE.

FINIS.

30 58 NOV